

Chapter one:
Bottomless Pit Odangos!

It had been a year since that fateful day, when she came home to find herself homeless once more. But unlike last time, she was old enough to have memories of her past.

Usagi rolled onto her back, and stared up at the ceiling. It had been another long night for her. She yawned, feeling drowsy, but alert all at the same time.

Before, she had only been an infant, left on a doorstep of an orphanage. She had been left in an aging caretakers care for four years. And then she had been adopted.

Sighing, the blonde threw her blankets off her tiny form, and sat up with a grunt of annoyance. She threw her legs over the side of the bed, and stared out her window.

The Tsukino's were a loving family, and had taken great care of her. They had loved her from the day they adopted her, till a year from today.

Usagi groaned, feeling the threat of tears. She forced herself to stand on a pair of long legs at the side of her bed. Yes a long night indeed. They had died a year ago from today, leaving behind Usagi and her younger brother Shingo.

Stretching her arms over her head, Usagi yawned lazily. Another boring day at school. She turned; looking down at her unmade bed, and sighed. Taking the blankets, she recklessly made her bed, taking care to hide any evidence of her lack of neatness. Couldn't have her aunt seeing her messy bed.

After their parent's death, Shingo and her mother's sister came to take them to her home. They never knew they had an aunt they had never met her before. But the young woman had shown proof, and took them under her care.

Usagi glanced at the picture on her nightstand, and smiled warmly. Her parents were filled with such joy, and hope that day the picture had been taken. It had been a long picnic with just the four of them. Shaking her head, Usagi pulled away, pushing back the unwanted memories. The past could be too painful to bear sometimes.

Their aunt was strange indeed, seemingly lonely. Her home held no warmth anywhere, even though the colors of each room showed she tried to display it. Their aunt wasn't strict unless it came to rules, and schoolwork. She wasn't a cruel woman either, but was aloof.

Usagi lifted her head, as the door to her room opened. Her aunt stepped into the room. "Obason, good morning."

The woman smiled slightly, "Morning Usagi, are you almost ready for school?" Usagi shook her head yes, and replied, "Almost I'll be down in a minute."

The young woman in the doorway nodded, but before she turned to leave, she stated hesitantly, "I got you something, its down in the kitchen, Shingo kun has already gotten his..." she stiffly nodded, her face stern, but her eyes filled with meaning. She then left Usagi alone in her room. The woman was strange indeed. Shingo and Usagi knew nothing about her, and yet she knew quite a lot about them.

Fluffing her pillow, she tossed it at the head of her bed, and moved to her dresser. Tapping sound at her window, made her pause.

Squawk!

Usagi whirled around; her eyes stared out her window, expecting to find a bird perched there. But there was nothing, and she half wondered if she was loosing it.

Shaking her head, Usagi turned back to her dresser, and continued her search for her clothes.

Nearly an hour later, Usagi skipped from her room, dressed in her junior high school uniform. She grinned, as she bounded down the stairs, heading for the kitchen. So what if she was running late...again. It was the last day of school, and soon she would be free.

She slipped into the kitchen, her blonde pigtails whipping at the air behind her. "Morning Shingo chan, morning Obason." She greeted them both with a big smile, as she took her seat at the table. A plate lay out before her, and it smelled grand.

"You're late as usual Odango." Her brother sneered; his blue eyes glittered with mirth. Her darling littler brother. His hair unkempt, and a dirty brown color looked unbrushed as always.

Usagi smiled, not the least bit hurt by his cruel nickname, which insulted her hair. She reached over ruffling his own hair, and asked, "If I'm running late, why are you still eating?"

The boy flushed, his cheeks staining red. He looked down at his plate of toast smothered in jelly. "Obason offered us a ride to school." He looked up, his face suddenly light up. "You have got to see what I got." He leaped from the table, and scrambled out of the room in a rush.

Usagi shook her head, and turned to look at the older woman. Their Obason was very lovely, but looked so young. She looked no older

than 21, but the woman was so smart, so mature, that she acted way beyond her years.

Usagi snorted, what was she thinking? She shook her head to clear it. She stared at her Obason's back with a frown. "Is something wrong Usagi kun?" Flustered, Usagi shook her head, "lie Obason." She turned her attention back to her plate, as Shingo raced into the room. "Look Usagi, Obason got me this!" He held out his arm, and perched there was a beautiful spotted owl. It looked large for its size, and Usagi wondered how her tiny brother held the thing on his arm.

"It very cute Shingo chan."

The boy snorted in disdain, "its not cute Odango atama." Back to his cruel nickname for her, but at least it was better than Meatball brains. She smiled, "Gomen Shingo. What did you name it?" Shingo plopped down at the table, and replied simply, "Lithe, Obason helped me pick a name for her."

Usagi nodded, and she didn't bother asking where the name Lithe came from. She picked up her toast, and started eating. She barely finished one slice of toast, when she felt eyes boring into her.

Pursing her lips together, Usagi turned to her brother, "Nani?" The boy flushed, "don't you want to know what Obason got you?" Usagi blinked, and she suddenly remembered their aunt had said something about it up in her room earlier.

Their Aunt slipped into a chair at the table, and picked up her fork to eat. "Eat up, or we are going to be late for your last day of school."

Usagi turned her eyes to her aunt, a frown playing on her face. She had almost sounded as if Shingo and her weren't ever going back. Shaking it off as her imagination, she pushed her plate forward.

Shingo stared, "You're not eating?" Usagi shook her head, "iie, I'm not that hungry. " Shingo gaped, "Bottomless pit Odangos not hungry?"

Usagi scowled, "You little spore!" Shingo grinned, leaping back from the table. The owl whined, taking flight, and landed on the table.

Squawk!

Usagi paused, looking at the bird oddly, but shook her head. What was wrong with her today?

She turned to look at her brother, and sighed when she realized her had ran off. Collecting all the plates, she took them to the sink, and started to wash them.

Her aunt came up from behind her. "Not feeling well Usagi?" The blonde shook her head, as she set a clean plate in the empty sink.

A slender hand touched her shoulder, and Usagi looked up startled. A pair of garnet eyes stared down at her with concern. "Obason?"

The tall woman sighed deeply, "Usagi..."

Squawk!

Usagi looked out the kitchen window, to see an owl on the window seal. It hit the glass with its beak, tapping it as if to get her attention.

"Uh...Obason is that normal?" She pointed at the bird.

The older woman frowned, thin dark brows drawing together. She reached up, and lifted the window, and took the two letters, as the owl flew off.

Usagi looked at them, "Ones for me? And Shingo? When did owls start delivering the mail?"

Her Obason set them on the counter, "lets get you two off to school."

She shut the faucet off, and led Usagi to the door. "Shingo, come on we're leaving!"

Usagi frowned, a golden brow raising in question, "Obason what are you hiding?" She planted her feet firmly into the carpet, and stood before the front door.

The young woman sighed, her eyes softening, "Now is not the time to disgust the past Usagi."

"I'm ready, so lets go. I put Lithe in her cage, and gave her lots of food and water." Shingo slipped passed Usagi, and out the door. He shifted his book bag in his hands, and turned. "Come on, I don't want to be late for the last day of school. Lets go!"

Usagi stared at him, and nodded. She was very proud of him, for being brave, and strong. After their parent's death, she had been so worried about him, but he pulled through.

She stood in the doorway, watching him. He was only 11 years old, growing taller each day, and soon he would be taller than her. "I'm ready." She skipped out of the house, to stand next to him. "Ready to say good-bye to all of your friends?"

He nodded, his face beaming, "Hai, I can't wait till summer. What will be doing this summer Obason?"

The woman shut the front door, and followed the two out to her car.

"Time will soon tell us what will happen in our near future."

Usagi frowned, thinking over the older woman's words, as she slipped into the front seat. Shingo replied, "What do you mean Obason?"

"Wait and see Shingo, wait and see."

?????

Meiou Setsuna seated herself at the kitchen table as she waited for the time to strike 3. The kids would be home soon.

She had never planed on playing the aunt for so long, in fact, it had lasted too long. She should have done this long ago, but after the death of the children's parents, she wouldn't dare send them away. Not so soon.

She lifted the teacup, and sipped at the hot green tea it held. She sighed in contempt, feeling the soothing liquid roll down her throat and into her stomach.

The clock chimed, and the two owls standing on the table, glared at it. Squawk!

She smirked, "Now, now you two, mind your manners." The front door swung open, "All right Obason you have some explaining to do." "Odango have you lost your marbles. You don't talk to your elders like that!"

The 14-year-old blonde stormed into the kitchen, with her younger brother following close behind. "Odango atama!"

Usagi paused, as she eyed the two birds, which were perched on the edge of the table. She recognized Lithe, but the black one was new to her.

"More owls?"

Setsuna nodded, and pulled out the chair next to her. "Please sit, I believe it is finally time I explain myself."

Usagi nodded, plopping down into the chair. Shingo took a seat next to her. "Can someone tell me what going on?"

The older woman nodded, "Hai. These came this morning." She passed out the two letters to them. "You might want to take a look at them."

Usagi tore the envelope open, and opened the card. A few moments later, she looked up at her aunt. "Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry?" She stared at the woman she called aunt, and wondered if maybe she wasn't the only one loosing her mind.

Setsuna nodded, as she sat back. "Hai, I know it sound ridiculous to you, but you will soon understand."

Usagi sat up straight, "Understand what exactly?"

Setsuna bit her tongue from blurting out anything that didn't need to be said. She forced herself to relax, before she looked Usagi straight in the eye.

"Tsukino Usagi, you are not your average day girl. You are a witch...don't give me that look, hear me out, before you start spouting curses and such." She paused briefly, only to continue right away. "Your real okaasan was a sorceress, and your real Otosan was a sorcerer.

"You are 14 years old, and soon will be reaching a point in your life, where your abilities won't be so easy to pass off. That is why I am forced to send you here, to Hogwarts."

Usagi stared at the older woman, torn between believing her, or shouting for the asylum to come take her away. As if seeing her discomfort, Setsuna added hastily, "I understand this will all come to a shock to you, but think about your past. Think back to all the things that happened in your life, you couldn't explain." She crossed her arms over her chest, and waited.

The blonde caught her lower lip between her teeth, and thought back on all the weird things that had happened when she was around.

"What about me? How am I going to Hogwarts too?"

Usagi shook herself from the past, to look at her younger brother. He had a point.

Setsuna replied matter of factly, "It's because you are a half wizard. Your father came from a long line of Wizards and Witches."

Usagi frowned, not liking where all of this was going. It wasn't like you wake up one morning another person everyday. It just didn't feel right.

"Why are you telling us this, now? Assuming it's all true, and you're not out of your mind." Setsuna smirked, "I would have told you sooner, but after the accident, I couldn't. So I decided to wait another year."

Usagi pushed herself up from her chair, and began to pace. "This is just too unreal. You have finally snapped Obason."

Shingo scowled, "Odango atama you baka!" Usagi shot him a dirty look. She held up the letter, and studied her name in golden print.

"You can't change who you are Usagi, you are a witch, and it is my job to make sure you get to Hogwarts." The blonde looked at the dark haired woman, and shook her head. "What's so important about going to Hogwarts? I'm doing fine so far."

Setsuna stood, and planted a firm hand on the table's surface. "Your past lies within Hogwarts walls. If you go there, you finally know where you belong."

"She is right."

Usagi paled, her eyes widening in horror, as she slowly turned her head to look at the black owl. The owl's garnet eyes glittered beneath the lights of the kitchen. "I don't feel good." She held her forehead, and tried to catch her racing heart.

Setsuna placed her hands on Usagi's shoulders, and forced the blonde to look at her, "To find your future, you must understand the present, but to understand your present, you must know your past."

Shingo looked from one to the other, and sighed dejectedly, "Here we go again, another girl talk." He removed himself from the table, and stared for the living room. Calling Lithe, he held out his arm, like he had seen heroes do, in comic books.

Lithe obeyed, landing gracefully on his arm, as he left the kitchen.

"I have to face my past?"

Her aunt nodded, her eyes filled with warmth. "Hai Usagi, even if the truth of your past hurts."

Usagi slowly nodded, "then I guess I have no choice."

Chapter two: Stuck with Meatball Brains

"What do you MEAN we only have one month before the school starts?!?!"

It was a cold Saturday morning, with the wind blowing against the three lonely travelers, as they made their way down town. In fact, downtown England, wasn't the best place for two young women and a young boy.

Usagi stared exasperated at her aunt, and shook her head. "I'm suppose to be on vacation, NOT getting ready to go back to school!!!" She whined, dragging her feet as she followed her aunt and brother. She wanted to scream at how unfair this was. All her friends would be taking the next three months off, while she would be taking a month to get ready for next year. Next year at Hogwarts.

She looked up at the seedy bar they were walking into, "Uh Obason, why are we here?" The name on the sign read 'Leaky Cauldron.'

Usagi looked at her surroundings, and her skin crawled. She straightened her back, as she followed her aunt closely.

The small building was packed with men and woman of all kinds. Most were dirty, and sick to look at. Their hair stringy, they skin blemished, and the clothes tattered. The room smelled of beer, and greasy food.

Shingo held onto Usagi's hand, his fingers squeezing her hand in a death grip. "Usagi what are we doing here?"

"Ah, 'ello Setsuna. What might yeh be needing here, on such a day?"

The gangly man behind the counter, flashed Setsuna a crooked smile, and Usagi noted he was missing all of his teeth. His voice was rich with a British accent, which reminded Usagi of her best friend Molly at school.

Usagi stared at the bartender, as he dried a clear glass with a dirty old rag. She swallowed the lump in her throat, and made a mental note not to ever come here when she was older.

Setsuna braced her hands on the counter top, as she leaned in for only him to hear. "Hello Tom, sorry but this is just a short visit. My niece and nephew are in need of supplies for their first year at Hogwarts." Usagi was semi shocked to hear the perfect English, which came from the young woman's mouth. She felt as if she really knew nothing about this woman, nothing at all.

The man turned his beady eyes on the two kids, and he gazed at them wearily. "Never would've guessed yeh were an aunt Setsuna. Well, head on back, yeh know yeh'r way." He waved them off, but his eyes strayed to Usagi, and he wrinkled his nose.

Usagi paled, wondering half frightened if she had done something wrong. Looking around, she searched for something she might have knocked over with her clumsiness.

"Niece and Nephew, huh?"

Setsuna nodded, and led the two away from the counter, to the back. She pushed the back door open, and stated, "Come on, we are almost there." She followed them out, letting the door slam shut behind her.

"Obason, what are we doing in an alley?"

Setsuna led them to a dead end. The wall that stood before them was made of bricks, and was at least seven feet tall.

"Um..."

Setsuna stepped out in front of them, and touched the bricks in a certain sequence. Usagi and Shingo watched in awe, as the bricks moved, forming a doorway. Shingo suddenly grinned, "That was sugoi! Do it again!"

Setsuna smirked, "Another time Shingo, come we have a lot of things we have to do today." She placed a gentle hand on their backs, and led them through the doorway. The brick wall reformed itself behind them, locking them away from the human world.

Usagi gapped, as she stared at the street they were in. It was as if they had walked into a street market. Shops were set up out on the street, and merchant shops lined the sidewalks. "Obason where are we?"

Setsuna waved her hand to the long road, "Usagi, Shingo, welcome to Diagon Alley."

Usagi glanced around the busy street, as kids, younger than her raced in and out of stores.

A scrawny woman pushed passed them, shrugging her shoulders as she muttered, "If they keep rising these here prices, I wont be able to send those kids to school next year..."

Usagi watched the woman push through the crowd, making her way to a shop nearby, which held a sign that read, 'Cauldrons.' Outside, stacked in piles, were cauldrons all sizes, and kinds, or at least Usagi assumed they were cauldrons.

"Usagi can you give me your invitation." Usagi looked at her aunt, and nodded, pulling out the letter the owl had brought her yesterday morning. "Hai Obason, here." She handed the woman the invitation, and watched her pull out a sheet of paper Usagi had missed.

"Here, you hold onto this." She looked at the sheet of paper. "I brought money, but we will still need to stop by the Gringotts Wizard's bank."

Usagi raised an eyebrow, "Wizards have their own bank?" Setsuna looked at the blonde, and nodded, "Hai, how else do you expect them to hold their money? Come now, lets get what we need and go."

Usagi looked at all the small little shops, and wondered which ones they would go to first. She always loved shopping, especially with a lot of money.

Setsuna held out two pouches, and stated firmly, "Here you go. There is plenty enough in each to buy everything on this list. With the extra, you can get what you want." She gave them both a knowing look, "First you will get your uniforms."

Setsuna waved a hand to a quaint little shop across the street, the sign reading, 'Madam Malkin's Robes for all Occasions.' She looked back at the two kids, "I have a few things I will pick up, while you two try on robes. I'll meet you two out here in front of the store.

"I wont be gone long."

Shingo looked at Usagi, while Usagi stared at Setsuna's retrieving form. "I guess we are on our own Shingo." The smaller boy sighed, and muttered under his breath, "Why do I get stuck with Meatball brains?"

Usagi heard him non-the-less, and glowered at him. "Why you little...spore!" She lunged at him, causing him to yelp. He stumbled back, turned and ran for the shop.

Not backing down, Usagi chased after him, yelling, "I'll get you for that, you spawn of Satan!"

She burst into the small shop, stopping short, as she stared at the shop in awe. Shingo was standing near a short woman dressed in all mauve. Usagi stepped further into the room, and hoped the lady was friendly.

The woman, Usagi assumed was Madam Malkin, broke out into a wide grin. "Hogwarts my dears?" Shingo nodded, followed by Usagi. The old woman smiled friendly, "Then stand on there, and I'll get your measurements."

The two followed the orders, and stood side by side, as the woman worked. "Usagi, do you understand any of this that's going on?" Usagi looked at a sewing needle, which was sewing cloth together, on its own. "Nope."

The boy looked down at the floor, his face flushed with embarrassment, "Either do I. Why would this school pick kids, who know nothing about magic?"

Usagi frowned, her eyes hardening as they gazed at the wall. "I don't know Shingo, but there is something Obason isn't telling us."

"Did you see the way that man at the Leaky Cauldron stared at me? It was as if he recognized me or something." Shingo looked at his sister, and noted the vacant look in her eyes. "Iie Oneesan I didn't. I guess I was too afraid to notice."

The blonde turned her gaze to the boy, and she smiled, "It's okay Shingo, I was scared too. But if we stick together, I know we can make it through."

Shingo raised a single brown eyebrow, "Yea right Odango! I'll be dragging you out of harms way every second!" Usagi shot her brother a heated glare, "And what's that suppose to mean?"

Before Shingo could comply, Madam Malkin interrupted their argument, "That's yeh done, my dears."

Usagi looked down at the black robes she wore, which matched the ones Shingo was wearing. She turned in them, looking at them in every aspect. Pleased, she flashed the woman a smile, "Dome artigato Madam Malkin."

Shingo nodded, and repeated Usagi's thanks. He followed behind Usagi, letting the older girl lead the way. Usagi pulled out coins from her pouch, and handed the old woman the amount her uniform cost.

The boy followed suit, and paid the amount as well from the coins in his pouch.

"Good luck dears."

Usagi waved to the woman, as she skipped from the shop, tugging Shingo along behind her. "Now where to?"

Shingo didn't look up from his list, as he replied, "We wait for Obason remember." Usagi sighed exasperated, "Oh all right!" She plopped down onto the ground, and pulled her knees to her chest, so she could rest her chin on her kneecaps.

"Well I see that Madam Malkin still lives up to her expectations."

Usagi scrambled to her feet, as Setsuna joined them. "Good you both have gotten your robes, before I got back."

Usagi glanced down at them, and smiled hesitantly, "Hai. What was it you had to get Obason?" She lifted her eyes to the older woman, who was smirking. "Curious as ever. I saved us a trip down that way, so we won't have to back track later."

Usagi stared at the several pouches the woman carried, "What's in them?" Setsuna shook her head, "Most of the things on that list of yours. Now time to get your wands, and we shall be off."

Usagi blanched, "You got all that within the twenty minutes we were in there, being fitted?"

The woman nodded, "hai, I just hit two birds with one stone, so to speak. Come now, off to Ollivanders, to get your wands."

Usagi shook her head in disbelief; things were getting stranger by the second. She glanced at Shingo, and frowned. Turning left, then right, she spotted him standing in front of a window. Looking inside, she realized, he was drooling over the brooms that were for sale. Usagi sighed heavily; the boy was having way too much fun with this.

The blonde hurried after the two, and followed them to a narrow shop, with dusty windows.

They entered the room, which reminded Usagi of her school library. It was neat and tidy, a chair, which looked as if it had seen better days, sat near the door. A long counter lay before them, with narrow boxes piled neatly to the ceiling behind it. Usagi wanted to count them, but realized that there had to be a thousand of them.

"Good afternoon."

Usagi jerked back with a yelp of surprise, as a short man appeared before her. She clutched a hand over her heart, which raced in her chest. Swallowing nervously, she tried to soothe her nerves by counting to ten.

"Oh sorry didn't mean to scare you." He flashed her a crooked grin, before directing his pale eyes to Setsuna. "Ah Miss Meiou, I was expecting you sooner or later. These must be your niece Usagi, and nephew Shingo, am I correct?"

The woman smiled, as she nodded her head, "Yes you are Mr. Ollivander."

The man nodded, "good, good. Young lad." He turned to Shingo, his pale eyes glittering in the lights of the room. "Which is your wand arm?"

He pulled out a tape measurer with silver markings out of his pocket. He stared at Shingo expectantly. Confused, Shingo asked, "I have a wand arm?" He stared down at both his hands bewilderedly.

Mr. Ollivander shook his head, "No, no boy. Which hand do you use?" Glancing up, Shingo replied hastily, "Oh...I'm left handed sir."

The man nodded, "Hold out your arm then, yes just like that." He then began to measure Shingo from shoulder to fingers, then wrist to elbows, shoulders to floor, knee to armpit, and around his head.

Shingo frowned, "are all of these measurements necessary?" Mr. Ollivander paused as he pulled a box from the stacked pile. "Of course boy, everything I do is necessary. That will do." To Shingo and Usagi's shock, the tape measurer, which had been taking measurement on it own, dropped to the floor.

Mr. Ollivander held out a box to Shingo, "Ebony and unicorn hair, eight and a half inches, springy. Go ahead take it and give it a wave."

Shingo raised the wand above his head, and waved it in the air smoothly. Sparks licked the air from the end of it, and Mr. Ollivander grinned. "There you be lad."

Shingo nodded, a soft smile on his face as he stared at the wand.

"Now for Miss Usagi's turn. Which is your wand arm?"

Usagi lifted her right hand, "this one I think. I use it to write with, if that's what you mean..." the man nodded, "it will do."

Usagi lifted her arm out beside her like Shingo had done, and let the tape measurer take her measurements. When it was done, it dropped to the floor, by the simple command from Mr. Ollivander.

She swallowed the forming lump in her throat, wondering which wand would be hers.

Setsuna stepped forward, "Mr. Ollivander, you've always trusted my judgment. To save both of our time, I recommend trying the wand in the window."

The man turned from the box he was looking in. "That old thing? Are you sure?" He glanced at the wand, which lay in the window, and noted the soft glow it was emitting.

"Hmm maybe."

He climbed down from the ladder, and moved to the window display. He removed the wand from its box, and handed it carefully to Usagi.

"Maple and heartstrings of dragons. Eleven inches, nice and supple."

Usagi felt her heart quicken, as she felt the warmth from the wand seep into her skin. She raised it slowly above her head, before bringing it back down in a swift wave. Silver sparks shot from the end lighting up the room in an instant, as if the very Moon had landed in the building.

Usagi opened her eyes, seeing spots flash before her. "What happened?"

Mr. Ollivander replied confidently, "The wand chooses you as its next master." Frowning, Usagi asked, "next?"

The man nodded, "Yes, which is strange indeed. Never before in my time have I ever had a wand choose a second master. But in your hand, is the very wand a sorceress used, before she died in a battle against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named."

Usagi frowned, "Who?" Setsuna placed a gentle hand on her shoulder, "Pay Mr. Ollivander, so that we can take our leave."

Usagi frowned, not liking the idea that Setsuna was keeping her and Shingo in the dark. What are you hiding from us Obason?

Hey readers, and writers, thank you for all of the lovely reviews. I really appreciate it. I hope u enjoyed this chapter as much as the last one.

Usagi/Harry: 7 Woot go Harry, its ur b. day!

Usagi/Draco: 1 Poor, Poor Draco!!!

Usagi: No one: 0 Now how did I see that coming, hmmm

Usagi: Dies: 2 Not such a bad idea, I'll think about it.

I agree with some of these reviews, I would have to say, I have yet to see a story with Harry Potter, and Usagi. But that doesn't mean I don't like Draco/Usagi. In fact I think they make a great couple, since I think Draco is cute *sigh* to bad he is so young. Like I said before it is your choice, either one will do fine, since I'll have fun trying to hook them up or such hehe.

Haha tyvm Buns, I just got ur review, just as I was going to update hehe. U r right there, I have noticed that. But I have to say, that Draco somewhat reminds me of Heero, in a weird way. *Drool* But maybe that's just me. I donno, they r both cold to those around me, and I donno. (Just ignore the dumb write, she likes to ramble).

Damn Muggles

Usagi grunted, as she pushed her cart along, following Shingo and Setsuna.

The month had gone by so quickly, that it left Usagi irritable. Only a month of vacation and she was already off to school again. What had she done to deserve this kind of punishment?

She looked down at the cart, and sighed as they move along the walkway. They would be at Hogwarts in only a couple of hours.

The cart she pushed was filled with all the things she would need. She had a trunk, stuffed with clothes, and her schoolbooks, and by god were there a lot of them. A suitcase was on top of that, along with the cauldron, which weighed a ton.

Shingo's cart held the same things, except he had a birdcage for Lithe, while Usagi had a black cat napping lazily on her trunk.

The black cat had been the gift from Setsuna. Not only was it a cat, but a shape-shifting cat, which explained the black owl the day she found out about Hogwarts. But to add to all of that, and pile on more complications to her life, that Cat/Owl talked.

It was a talking shape-shifting cat. When was life going to straighten out again for her, with black and white pictures, and no more of this gray? She had asked Setsuna that, who only said, that she should stop thinking like that.

They reached the train station, and moved along, trying to find their terminal. "Obason, which one are we getting on?"

Their aunt replied, "Platform 9 3/4." Usagi stared at her ludicrously, "There is no such thing as a platform 9 3/4." They stopped near a brick wall, with a plastic sign on each side. One read '9' while the other read '10.'

Shingo looked around, "Odango was right..."

"Packed with muggles as usual." Usagi turned, recognizing the term as one Setsuna had taught them during the last month.

A plump woman with bright red hair, and five kids walked passed them, and around the stone wall which held the two plastic signs nine and ten.

"9 3/4 was the platform, correct?"

A little girl, surrounded by five boys, replied, "Yes Mom." The woman smiled, "All right then, Ginny yeh first."

What looked to be the youngest, and the only girl, with bright red hair nodded. Usagi watched carefully, as she started for the dividing

barriers, running towards them. Usagi gasped, her jaw dropping, when the girl vanished into the wall.

"Fred, George yeh'r next." Twins, with flame red hair nodded, stepping forward. The first one ran towards the barrier, and like the first kid, disappeared inside. The second twin, followed suit, and ended up like the first two.

The woman pointed her fingers to another red haired boy, and a boy next to him. "Okay, Ronald, Harry, its yeh'r turn. Come now can't keep the train waiting."

The red haired boy named Ronald nodded, and glanced at the boy next to him. He started for the barrier, and ran right through it like all the others.

The last boy was different from all the others. He had dark brown hair, and glasses that covered his green eyes. The woman smiled kindly at him, "Off yeh go Harry."

The boy nodded, and ran towards the barrier.

"Obason, are they going to Hogwarts too?" Her aunt glanced up, the boy named Harry disappeared through the dividing barrier. "Hai Usagi. Come it is yours and Shingo's turn."

"Hello there, first time at Hogwarts?" Usagi and Shingo nodded sheepishly. "Quite all right, we've all been there sometime or another." She glanced at Setsuna, and smiled.

She directed her gaze back to the kids; "All you have to do is walk straight at the barrier between 9 and 10. Don't be scared that yeh might crash into it. Best do it at a run if yeh're nervous."

Usagi nodded, and gripped the bar of her cart, as she stared at the thick brick wall. It looked like a normal wall to her. Feeling sweat roll down her cheek, she tried to shove back her fear. Holding her breath, she started running towards the barrier.

Her knuckles turned white, as her grip tightened on the handle, and she shut her eyes as she reached the wall. She expected to hit the cement wall, and fall back on her rear like she always did when she ran into things. But the impact never came.

Opening her eyes, Usagi came to a stop, and nearly fell back from surprise. A steam engine sat on the tracks next to her, steam rising from the chimneys.

Shingo appeared next to her, and she saw tears clinging to his lashes. "Obason can't come with us."

Usagi nodded, "I figured as much. Come on Shingo we better hurry or we might miss the train." She led the way through the crowded

platform. There were kids her age, some older, and some even younger than Shingo. A group stood huddled near one of the first carriages. They seemed to be whispering about something, but Usagi couldn't make it out. She followed the train, passing all the carriages, which all seemed full. The fifth one looked empty enough, and Usagi stopped near the vacant entrance. She looked at the stairs, and then at all her luggage.

Sighing deeply, she grabbed her book bag, and threw that on over her shoulders. "Come on Shingo, help me with my trunk, and I'll help you with yours."

The boy nodded, and left his cart behind, to help her. Usagi tossed her suitcase through the doorway, and grabbed one end of the trunks, while Shingo grabbed the other end.

Grunting, she lifted her end up, and walked backwards towards the stairs. She panted, breaking out into a sweat, as she worked her way up the steps. Shingo followed her, having the lighter end. They dropped the trunk in the aisle. And took a two minute break.

"Kami Usagi, what do you have in that thing?" Usagi glared, "the same things you have in yours, Shingo!" Shingo squeezed passed her, carrying her suitcases. Usagi grabbed the handle of the trunk, and proceeded to drag the thing to an empty compartment. Shingo found one near the end of the carriage.

Shoving the door open, Shingo dropped their suitcases, and his birdcage near the window, before slipping out of the room. Usagi slid the trunk into the small cubicle, and out of the way. She tossed her book bag onto the seat, and left following Shingo back outside.

Usagi dropped to the platform below, and grabbed the handle of the trunk, while Shingo got the other. "Ready?"

The boy nodded, and at the same time, lifted the trunk from the cart. This time, Usagi stood in the back, as Shingo carried the trunk up the steps. "Shingo are you sure you don't want me to carry it up?"

The boy nodded, "Hai Odango I got it." Usagi nodded, and held the heavy end up, as he took the first step, and then the second. On the last step, he cursed below his breath, grunting. Then suddenly he shouted, "Usagi look out!" Usagi barely had time to think, when all the weight of the trunk slammed into her chest.

She let out a cry of alarm, before she fell back, the trunk landing on top of her. "Usagi!!!"

Usagi opened her eyes, and was blinded by a bright light. She blinked several time, trying to clear her vision. "She's all right!"

The blonde turned her head to the side, and saw several faces peering down on her. Something heavy was on her chest, making it hard to breath, but there was also something underneath her, and she was sure it wasn't the floor. "Will you get them off me already!!!"

Usagi groaned, as a headache formed in the front of her head. "Careful miss, we are going to lift the trunk."

The crushing weight she had felt on her stomach was lifted, and she felt semi normal. Sitting up, she broke into fits of coughs, and tasted blood in her mouth. Glancing down, she saw that the trunk, which had fallen on her, had torn her jeans. Her best pair too.

"Damn muggles, they're all the same."

The voice sounded somewhat familiar, and yet not, at the same time. Looking behind her, she saw a boy, around her age dusting off his robes with his hands.

Staring, she could help but notice the dark robes he wore, which resembled hers except he wore a pin on his breast formed into a P. His skin was pale, along with his blonde hair, and he had startling blue eyes, cold as ice, as he glowered at her. "What are you staring at?" His lips curled into a sneer, and Usagi diverted her eyes.

"Gomen nasasi."

The boy grunted, "Not only a muggle, but a foreign one too." Usagi flushed, feeling embarrassed. She climbed to her feet, her knees feeling weak. "I'm not a muggle." She pursed her lips together, forgetting that her jeans were torn near the waist.

His eyes narrowed on her, "You must be a first year..."

Usagi frowned, "Why do you say that?" She hoped she didn't look like she was new.

He pointed at himself, "Because you don't seem to know who I am." Usagi's face turned beat red, and she felt her ears burn. She wasn't making good first impressions.

"Gomen, I didn't see the word famous on your name tag."

The group of kids around them gasped, and whispered hushed words amongst themselves.

Usagi nervously fidgeted; sooner or later her mouth was going to get her in a lot of trouble. Like now.

"How dare you talk to me like that? I'm Draco Malfoy!" A single blonde eyebrow rose in questioning, "You're name is Malfoy? Who names their son Malfoy?"

The boy scoffed in disdain, "My name isn't Malfoy you moron." Usagi could have bit her tongue at her stupidity. She had forgotten that she

wasn't in Japan anymore. People said their first names first, and then their last.

"But still, what kind of parents call their son Draco?"

Usagi was startled by the color that rose in the boy's cheek, and she knew she was pissing him off, royally. "And who are you muggle born?"

The blonde glowered at him, "I'm not a muggle!" It was strange to say that, since a month ago she thought she had been one, or at least a normal kid.

She sighed, trying to keep her temper in check. Blinking, she flashed a smile in his direction, and held out her hand, "Tsukino Usagi. I mean Usagi."

The boy looked at her hand, and scoffed, "I don't shake hands with muggles." Realizing, she was getting nowhere, she shrugged, "Suits yourself." She turned from him, and started for the train, just as the whistle blew.

?????

"Gomen Usagi."

Usagi slid the compartment door shut behind her, and took a seat across from her brother. "You know Shingo, if you keep saying that, I might just wring your neck to shut you up!"

The boy flushed, "I know, but I'm really am sorry." Sighing, Usagi replied kindly, "It's all right Shingo, I should have been paying attention."

The boy nodded, but then suddenly his face lit up, "You should have seen it. When you fell into that kid, it was hilarious. I swear Odango, when you klutz out, you always manage to take someone down with you."

Usagi scowled at her younger brother, "well this time I had help falling down, didn't I?" Shingo nodded, but the smile on his face never faded. Shaking her head, Usagi absently touched her pelvic bone, and winced. She knew she was going to have a bruise, to go with all of her battle wounds. "How much longer is this gonna be?"

Usagi smirked, "running out of patience? Why don't you play your game boy I know you hid in your trunk?" Shingo grinned, "great idea Odango."

"With all this racket how does a cat expect to get her beauty sleep?"

Usagi looked at the third party in the compartment. Luna was curled up on the seat next to her. Her red eyes looked from one to the next. "Gomen Luna."

The cat yawned, and dropped its head back down to fall asleep again. Usagi giggled at the cat's antics, as she shook her head in disbelief at the cat's laziness.

"That dumb cat of yours sleeps more than you do Odango." Usagi frowned at her brother, "Stop calling me that!" The boy grinned, "Why do you prefer Meatball brains?"

Grunting, Usagi crossed her arms over her chest, and glared out the window.

Just then the compartment door slid open, "Have any of you seen my toad? I've lost him again."

The two siblings look at the plump boy in the doorway. Usagi shook her head, and Shingo replied, "lie we haven't gomen. Do you want help finding it?"

The boy nodded his head grateful; "Thanks I'm Neville, I'm in my fifth year at Hogwarts." The boy held out his hand. Usagi watched as Shingo took it, and gave it a shake, "I'm Shingo, it's my first year at Hogwarts."

She felt tears of happiness rush to her eyes, at the sight of seeing her younger brother making his first new friend.

Shingo paused, and looked at Usagi, "Neville meet my Oneesan Usagi. Usagi this is Neville, I'm going to help him find his toad."

"Blimey, yeh'r that girl that told off Malfoy. Everyone is talking about yeh on the train." He stared at her, a bead of sweat rolling down his cheek.

Usagi cleared her throat, feeling slightly embarrassed, "well um, go find that toad of yours, I think we will be arriving at Hogwarts soon. Shingo be careful."

The boys nodded, and shut the door behind them as they left.

She waited for a few minutes, before she stood, and slipped out of her jacket. "I guess I should change now, while he's out." Unlocking the latch on her trunk, she lifted the lid to look inside. Her robes lay on top of her pile of clothes. Grabbing them, she slammed the trunk shut, and locked the latch.

Usagi held the robes out in front of her, and wondered if she should undress first then put it on.

Laying the robes on the top of her trunk, she tugged off her shirt. Tossing that to the side, she took the robes, and pulled them up over

her head, and tugged it down. The robes fit well on her, and even hid the shoes she wore.

Suddenly the door opened, and Shingo slipped back into the room. "Hey Odango. We found Neville's toad near the food in the dining carriage." He copied Usagi, putting on his robes, as Usagi cleaned up the room they were in.

"We will be reaching Hogwarts in five minutes' time. Please leave your luggage on the train, it will be taken to the school separately."

Usagi glanced up at the intercom, before she directed her eyes out the window. It was getting dark already. Usagi saw mountains and forests, darkening under the purple sky. As the sky grew darker, so did the forests.

She turned her head back from the window, and she shivered convulsively. "Odango are you all right?" She nodded, looking over at her brother, "Hai Shingo, I'm fine."

The train came to a quick stop, at a platform, which looked to be in the middle of a forest. Usagi stood, and moved to the door, and slid it open.

Kids of all ages started to depart from the train. Usagi turned to her brother, "Come on Shingo, we need to get off." The boy nodded, and followed her out into the crowded aisle.

"Excuse me, gomen, excuse me."

"You again?"

Usagi clutched her brother's hand tightly, as she slowly turned to the person who was addressing her. She saw the Malfoy boy, with his slicked back hair, and piercing eyes.

The boy named Draco glared at her younger brother, "Need your mother to lead you the way?"

Shingo scowled, "She's not my okaasan, and iie I don't!" His hand was ripped from hers, and Usagi felt a sense of loss without it. Trying to stop her rising panic, she turned her attention to the pale boy.

"What do you want Draco?"

She saw sparks light up in his blue eyes, as he lifted his sizzling gaze to her. He was taller than her, by a good few inches, and Usagi figured he was older than her as well.

"No one calls me by my first name, especially a first year. And its not you that I'm talking to, now is it?" Usagi felt her blood boil, but she pushed back her anger.

"Well we really didn't want to talk to you either, Draco."

She grabbed Shingo by his robes, knowing he wouldn't take her hand. She tugged him along, and found her way off the train.

Usagi shivered the second the night air touched her skin. It was a chilly night, and the thin robe she wore wasn't much protection. The group of kids stood on a tiny dark platform, surrounded by swamps, and forest trees.

"Usagi..."

Usagi looked down at her brother, and knew that he felt the same as she. Scared.

She wrapped a protective arm around him, and whispered when she nuzzled her nose in his hair, "It's going to be okay."

From the dark depths of the swamp, a lantern bobbed around in the air, far above their heads. Usagi paled at the sight of the giant. His face was almost completely hidden by long, shaggy hair, and a wild tangled beard. His eyes glittered, the black orbs like owl eyes, seemed lost in the mass of hair.

"Firs' years! Firs' years over here!"

Usagi watched as kids, younger than her moved to the side, following the giant towards the swamps.

"C'mon follow me...any more firs' years? Mind yer step, now! Firs' years follow me."

They followed the path the giant led them on. It got darker the deeper they went. "Yeh'll get yer firs' sight o' Hogwarts in a sec." Usagi tried to peer around the massive man's body, but couldn't see anything, but the back of his trench coat. "Jus' round this bend here."

Shingo grabbed onto his sisters robes, and held on tight, too afraid to let go. They followed the bend, and the dark forest opened up to a lake before them. Up on top of a high mountain across the lake was a castle.

The giant called over his shoulder, as he pointed to the fleet of boats, "No more'n four to a boat."

Usagi watched as kids piled into a boat, and wondered where the rest of the kids had gone. There weren't as many kids with them as they had seen on the train. Shingo tugged on her sleeve, "Come on Odango, they're gonna leave without us."

Usagi nodded looking down at the ground. They didn't know anybody here, so whom would they ride with?

A long bulky shadow loomed over them. Paling visibly, Usagi lifted her eyes to find the giant standing over them. Her eyes widen in fear, and she had to keep herself from stepping back in fright.

"An' here yeh be." He peered down at the two kids, a smile forming on his face. "Setsuna sent me to get yeh. Yeh must be Usagi and Shingo."

Usagi nodded nervously, and she pulled Shingo behind her. "I haven't introduced myself. Rubeus Hagrid, Keeper of Keys and Grounds at Hogwarts."

The blonde bit her lip, "You know our Obason?" The tall giant nodded, "I do. Come now, yeh can ride with me."

He led them to a small boat, and Usagi wondered how they would all fit on it. She climbed on first, followed by Shingo. And then the Giant plopped down in the tiny boat. He glanced at all the boats, before shouting, "Everyone in?" Nodding, he called out, "Right then...FORWARD!"

Usagi was jerked backwards, and would have fallen off the boat if it hadn't been for the giant to catch her. "Careful miss, don't want to dip in these waters."

Usagi looked down into the black lake, and jumped; when she saw yellow eyes seemingly stare at her from its depths. Pulling back from the edge, she turned to look at the castle.

It towered over them, as they came closer to the shore. "Heads down!" Usagi ducked instinctively, expecting a creature, with glowing eyes, and massive wings to swoop down upon them. But when she glanced up, all she saw was a curtain of ivy that hid an opening in the cliff, which the castle sat on.

The light of the moon died out, and all that was left, was the giants lantern to guide their way. The boats rocked back and forth in the water, moving down the long tunnel.

A rock dropped from the ceiling, and splashed into the water next to their boat. Looking up, Usagi wondered if the ceiling would cave in on them.

"Nothin' to fear, these walls are older than this here castle."

Light opened up in front of them, blinding the kids briefly. The boat came to a stop at an underground harbor. The giant ordered, "All right, everyone off."

Usagi jumped down from the boat, and landed with a splash. Her shoes filled with water, and her toes curled from the coldness. Holding out her arms, Shingo jumped to her, and she caught him. "Are you all right Shingo?" The boy nodded, and landed safely on the dry shore.

One by one students filed out of the boat, they're sopping wet shoes crunching on the rocks and pebbles.

"Follow me."

The giant pushed on, following the passageway, and the kids had no choice but to move on or get left behind.

Shaking in their shoes, the kids looked around frightened, wondering what would happen to them next.

"Usagi where are we?"

The blonde looked down, to find Luna hidden in the large pocket of her robes. "I think we're underneath the Hogwarts School..." Usagi stopped, as they walked out into the damp grass shadowed by the castle's wall. "Or not."

"This way."

The giant led them up a flight of stone steps, and the kids crowded around, shaking from fear, and from the cold.

He knocked three times on the heavy door, and the sound his large fist made, was enough to make anyone jump. It didn't take long, the large double doors opened wide, and a woman stood before them.

Setsuna had said, that most women at Hogwarts were witches, and the men were wizards. Standing in the doorway was a tall black haired witch, her hair graying at the sides. She was dressed in green robes, and her face was stern.

"The first years Professor McGonagall."

The older witch nodded, "Thank you Hagrid, I can take them from here." She pushed the doors open further, and Usagi was able to get a look at the inside. It looked just like you would think a castle looked like. Flaming candles lined the stonewalls, and the ceiling was high above them, with a staircase made of marble. The entry hall was big enough to fit a muggle's house inside it.

"This way, please follow me."

She led them passed a door, on their right, which was filled with voices, and Usagi wondered how the rest of the school had gotten there before them. The older woman led them into a small room, where all the first years, crowded together to fit in.

Usagi was pushed back and forth by two boys, as they tried to get to stand next to each other. She pulled back, and let them have their room.

"Welcome to Hogwarts." The witch looked at the crowd of kids, and the room fell silent at once. "The start of the term banquet will begin soon. But before you take your seats in the Great Hall you will be

sorted into your houses. The sorting is a very..."

The woman drowned on, and Usagi blocked it out, since she had already heard it once from her aunt. She took Shingo's hand in hers, and gave it a light squeeze.

He looked up at her from gazing around the chamber room they were crammed into.

"The Sorting Ceremony will take place in a few minutes in front of the rest of the school. I suggest you all smarten yourselves up as much as you can while you are waiting." She glanced at each student, and even looked down at Usagi's muddied shoes.

Shingo looked around, trying to entertain himself as he waited. What he would do, for a TV.

"I shall return when we are ready for you." She nodded her head, at them and added on a second thought, "Please wait quietly." She left them in the chamber, with their rampant thoughts, and frightened hearts.

Whispers broke out around them, as people asked each other what was the Sorting Ceremony. No one seemed to know, and that included Usagi.

Setsuna hadn't said what the ceremony was about. Or at least how it went about.

"Usagi I hope we get put into the same house." She glanced down at her brother, and smiled softly, "I hope so too."

Suddenly the doors to the chamber opened, and Professor McGonagall came in. "The Sorting Ceremony's about to start." She began to usher them into a line. "Now form a line, and follow me."

They entered a room, with four long tables. The witch led them down the middle of the room, towards another table, facing a different direction as the four. At the four tables, were thousands of students seated. At the fifth table there were witches and wizards of all kinds even Hagrid was amongst them.

Looking up, Usagi saw the ceiling, or what she thought was the ceiling. It looked like the heavens, the dark sky, with the glowing stars shining brightly as they did outside. Above the tables, where thousands of lit candles, floating in the air.

They came to a stop still in a single file line, with the teacher's table ahead of them, and the student's table behind them.

Professor McGonagall placed a four-legged stool before them, with a strange looking witch's hat. The large room, even filled with over a

thousand bodies, was silent. Staring at the hat, she saw it twitch. And then suddenly a rip at the bottom opened wide, and the hat began to sing to them.

Usagi stared at the hat as if she were loosing her mind. She had just learned she was a witch, that her cat can talk, and change shapes. She could walk through walls, and that there was a platform called 9 3/4. But to top it off, she was watching a hat sing.

She was too dumbstruck, to listen to the song, or what the hat was trying to tell them in a badly tuned melody.

When the song finally ended, the room burst into applause, which jolted Usagi from her trance. Professor McGonagall stepped forward, holding a long scroll. "When I call your name, you will put on the hat and sit on the stool to be sorted."

Usagi sighed in relief. She had expected hard tests, which tested your abilities. She knew nothing of magic. No spells, or charms. Setsuna had been too busy filling her in on what she had been missing out on, this past month.

Shaking her head, she looked over her shoulder to look at the students. There were so many of them. She searched them for familiar faces, and recognized Neville right off the bat. And then she saw the family of red heads. All three boys, and the little girl sat near the end closest to them. With them were Neville, the boy Harry, and a girl Usagi didn't recognize.

Pursing her lips together, she searched the crowd for more people she knew. She saw a boy on the far table to her left, and recognized him as the one who had lifted the trunk off of her.

Looking at the table to her right on the far end, she spotted the white haired boy named Draco before she saw anyone else. He was laughing at something someone said, and she saw the familiar glint in his eyes. He turned his head, and he looked right at her, as if he had known she had been staring.

"Richardson Kyle!"

"SLYTHERIN!"

Usagi watched as a boy raced to the table Draco was at, and realized then, that each table was a different house. What one will I be put in? Professor McGonagall went down the list, and the hat shouted off the house's name they would be put in.

Then suddenly, the witch called out, "Tsukino Shingo!" Usagi looked down at her brother, and watched him flinch at his own name. She gave him a gentle push in the right direction. He started forward, and

climbed up to the stool. He took the hat, setting it on his head. It fell over his eyes, as he sat down on the stool. A few seconds passed, before the Sorting hat shouted, "GRYFFINDOR!"

Shingo stood, and set the hat back down on the stool. He hurried down the steps, to the table the red haired bunch sat at. Usagi watched closely, as the red haired boys greeted him warmly, and even the boy named Harry patted him on the back.

She was grateful they welcome her brother so warmly, that tears filled her eyes.

"Tsukino, Usagi!"

Usagi slipped from the line, and as she did so, the whispering in the Great Hall seized. There wasn't a single sound, not a cough, not a sniffle was heard.

She went up the steps towards the hat, and felt her heart quicken in her chest. Her palms felt sweaty, and her mouth went dry.

Looking at the Witches and Wizards in front of her, she noticed they were all staring at her. She recognized the look they were giving her, from the one the bartender had given her a month ago. They knew her, or at least knew something about her, that she didn't.

She passed Professor McGonagall. And picked up the sorting hat from the stool. She sat down, before setting the hat on top of her head.

There was silence for a few seconds, before a soft voice whispered in her ear, "Well look what we have here. You shall be the most difficult witch I've had to sort, yet. Yes, very intriguing. Courage, yes plenty of that you have. A great mind, but lack of balance though, hmmm. Talent, yes I see lots of talent here."

Usagi swallowed the lump forming in her throat. "So...where should I put you?"

Usagi stared at the black inside of the hat. 'I don't know.' The hat responded, "You don't know, you say. You would make a great Gryffindor, yes you would. But you would make a much better Slytherin. It's all here you see, and both of these houses would lead you to greatness."

Usagi was counting off the minutes in her head, hoping that the hat would make up its mind soon. Two and a half minutes passed, and Usagi gripped the stool tightly.

"You might not fit into Slytherin though. Might not have what it takes to be a Perfect in their family."

Usagi looked up; almost rolling her eyes into her head, 'Don't have what it takes?' She almost would have had shouted that, but had been able to refrain herself from doing so. She heard the hat chuckle, "A back bone this one. Lets see. We have courage, talent, strength of character, determination, and a heart. Where do you belong?"

Usagi bit her lip, not saying anything.

"You're parents were Slytherin."

Usagi gasped, "They were?" The hat replied, "yes. Do you think you have what it takes to follow in their footsteps?"

Usagi narrowed her eyes, "Hai." The hat chuckled, "Very well. SLYTHERIN!!!"

Usagi slipped the hat from her head, and set it on the stool as she stood. She looked around at the silent room, and wondered if that was a good sign.

Swallowing, she started for the table on the far right. She glanced at all the students who were seated there. She saw Draco frowning at her.

If she heard correctly, when she passed two whispering Slytherins, then she was the only first year, who took longer than 5 minutes to be placed. From what they were saying, it didn't sound as if that were a good thing.

Hey again. Thanks for all the lovely reviews I really love them. The more reviews I get, the more inspired I am to type. I hope for a lot of reviews in the future. Hehe a write can hope cant she? Well anyway, to the point of this annoying little author note. I was wondering if I should bring in the other scouts. Hmmm, I donno, I wouldn't mind bringing them in, since I've got a few ideas forming for Ami and Rei. I donno. Do you guys want them in the story, or just to keep them out? You vote.

Harry/Usagi: 12 All right Harry, still looking good!

Draco/Usagi: 9 Oh my, Draco you dog you, hehe.

Usagi/No one: 0 I think I might just toss this one, because who would want to see Usagi all alone? If it were Snape, or maybe Voldemort on this certain vote, I would probably see more. Hehe

Usagi/Dies: 2 Hmm no more of these vote huh? I was almost intrigued.

Sailor Scouts: 1 That's me, if you are wondering. Hehe

No Sailor Scouts: 1 That's me also, just in case you wanted to know. :)

Chapter four: To Pamper, or Not to Pamper?

Within the first week of school, Usagi learned quite fast, that there were large differences, and similarities between her old school, and Hogwarts.

At both schools, you had your basic groups. At Junior high you had your geniuses, here at Hogwarts, you had Ravenclaw students. At Usagi's old school, you had the athletic sport fanatics, or known as preppies. Here at Hogwarts, they were called Gryffindors. (Not entirely true, but I was thinking of Harry and Quidditch). Then there was your loyal to all kind of people, who liked to be friendly with anyone, not with just a certain group. At Hogwarts, they were called Hufflepuff.

Usagi still believed she belonged in that group, not Slytherin. Slytherins were you basic outcasts, who liked to start trouble with anyone, which was similar to the rebels in junior high.

Even though they were into the second week of school, Usagi was still trying to get used to the moving staircases, and the use of wands. The fact that there were ghosts roaming about, or that the paintings on the walls moved and talked, was enough to give her the heebie jeebies.

Everywhere she felt eyes on her, which happened to be the paintings watching her as she walked by, and whispered amongst themselves. It was as if they knew more about her, than she did.

Usagi hadn't been too thrilled about her classes, when she found out that she was the only first year in all of them, except for Herbology and Astronomy.

While in junior high, she had six classes a day, each one an hour long, here at Hogwarts, classes here were long, and there were only two classes a day. One morning class, after breakfast, and then an afternoon class after lunch. It did give them more time to do their homework, but then they had to remember everything they learned for a whole week.

There were many ups and down, but the one thing Usagi could have gone without, was the talking shape-shifting cat.

"Usagi wake up or you're going to be late." The blonde rolled over in her bed, and glared at the black cat. It had been a very long week at the Hogwarts School. And here she had thought Junior High was hard, but it was nothing, compared to Potion Class with Professor Snape, the greasy, black haired man, with a long nose, and beady black eyes. Or Herbology class with Professor Sprout, a short plump old witch, whose life was her green house.

Throughout the last week, she quickly became a loner, especially, when Professor Snape took ten points from Slytherin. It was unheard of, for Professor Snape to dock his own house.

Groaning, Usagi rolled onto her back. It was going to be a nice Sunday, and she was grateful to have this day off, even if it meant, she had classes Monday, through Saturday.

"Usagi get up!!"

Usagi glowered at the black cat. "Why Luna its my day off?? Can't I sleep in?"

Luna shook her head, "Not when you're so far behind in all your classes!"

The blonde groaned, which turned into a pathetic whimper. It was true, barely into her second week at school, and she was so far behind in her work, that she couldn't tell what homework came from what class.

Monday at 9 am was History of Magic, a boring class, worst than the History of Japan back at home. Her teacher, Professor Binns, assigned a hundred pages of reading, and outlining by next Monday.

Then at 1 pm, she had Charms, with Professor Flitwick, a short old man, who claimed to be a dueling champion when he was younger.

Charms class was an interesting one, but her homework wasn't going to be as easy as the class had been.

Tuesday at 9 am she had Transfiguration, a class Professor McGonagall had said was one of the most dangerous classes she could take. So far, Usagi found nothing dangerous but the piles of homework she gave them. Not only did she have to practice turning a match into a needle, but also had to read the first chapter of the textbook.

At 1 pm she had Herbology, an agonizing long class. Their Professor was crazy about plants, plants this, plants that, kind of teacher. Every Tuesday, they went out to the green house, to learn about all the different kinds of plants, and fungi. Her homework was to grow her own Venus flytrap and make a journal of everything she did.

Wednesday, at 9 am she had Defense Against the Dark Arts, with Professor Moody. Now there was a teacher who had a few screws loose. Either he was superstitious, or was way too paranoid for his own good. In that class her homework had been to pick a spell and study it, and then perform it in front of the class by next Wednesday.

At 1 pm she had Arithmancy, with Professor Vector, a spindly old man, with beady eyes, and a crooked smile. He reminded her of one of those dirty old men, with their mind in the gutter. In his class, he assigned them a page in their book that had to do with some kind of chart.

Thursdays would forever be her worst day of the week. On Thursdays, she had Professor Snape in Potions. She couldn't help but think he despised her. It didn't help, that she knew nothing, and couldn't answer any of the questions he asked. She had his class all day long, which only made things even worst.

Friday, at 9 am, she had astronomy with Professor Sinistra, a strange witch, with gleaming green eyes. There was no afternoon class, which was fine for her.

On Saturday, she had been up past midnight in her second class of astronomy, studying all the stars. Her homework was to memorize all of the stars in the Milky Way.

Unlike junior high, when you were late, you waited out in the hallway, but here in Hogwarts, ten points were docked from your house. That was why most of the members of the Slytherin house hated her.

Sighing, she pushed herself up, and forced herself to get out of bed. "Why do I need to get up Luna?"

The black cat sighed shaking her head; "I want you in the library after breakfast. You will be doing your homework on your day off."

Usagi snapped awake, "You can't be serious!!" The cat nodded, "I am. Maybe this will be a lesson to you not to get so far behind." Usagi whimpered, stomping her feet on the floor. "But that's not FAIR!!!!"

Tears pricked at the corner of her eyes, and her lips trembled.

From day one, Usagi wondered if someone had messed up her schedule. In all of her classes, she was the only first year student, except in her Herbology and Astronomy class. But in all the others, she had noticed that third, fourth, and even fifth year student were in her classes.

Making her bed, like she always did at home, she moved to her trunk, and crouched down in front of it. She pulled out her robes, and set them down on her bed. The door to the room opened, and another Slytherin walked in. Usagi recognized the girl as Sally-Anne Perks, one of the popular girls in the Slytherin house.

Usagi shut her trunk, and tugged the robes on over her white night shirt. Without having to take the robes off, she slipped the white shirt off.

Finding her shoes near the end of the bed she slipped her feet inside them, and fixed the back, so that she wasn't walking on them. It was then; the girl who had came into the room left without saying a word to the blonde.

"Can you believe that girl, she is so lazy. I bet they kick her out in a week."

"I can't believe she was put into our house."

The door shut behind the girl and a few of her friends, causing Usagi to sigh in disdain. She half wondered if the sorting hat had misplaced her. She probably belonged in Hufflepuff or something.

"Lets go Luna."

She grabbed her book bag, which was stuffed with all her books, and left through the common room door.

With her head bowed, she took a flight of stairs down, her mind reeling in all directions. A flight of stairs down, go right, another flight of stairs, be careful of them changing...

She sighed, feeling a headache forming in her forehead. There were 142 staircases, of all kinds imaginable, and they never led to the same place twice in the same week. It was so hard to find your way around, which was why she was late to every class.

"Usagi the breakfast hall is that way."

The blonde shook her head, "I'm not hungry." She raked a hand through her messy hair, not bothering fixing the day old hairstyle she had worn to bed last night.

Fifteen minutes later, she found the library. She picked a table at the far end, away from most of the students.

Luna jumped up onto the table, and sat down in front of her. "Which one will you begin with?"

"History, since it's due tomorrow." Luna sighed, "I thought you said you finished that?" The blonde shook her head dejectedly. "lie I said I finished the first ten pages, out of the hundred I head to read."

The black cat dropped her head, "What am I going to do with you Usagi?"

The young girl scowled, "Shut up Luna, you're the one who dragged me out of bed in the first place. The least you can do is be nice to me!" The cat scoffed, "Well maybe if you actually worked, I might try being nice to you."

The blonde shot the black cat a heated look, "Well if your going to be like that, get out of my face. Go catch mice or something! Just leave me alone."

The cat frowned, "Fine if its what you want..." Usagi replied half-heartedly, "Of course it is. I don't need you insulting me too, I get enough from the other students and Shingo."

The cat jumped to the floor, and started off, "I'll come back when you are in a better mood."

Usagi watched the feline wander out of the library. She waited a few seconds; before she pulled out her A History of Magic, book. She turned to the page she had marked, and took out a pen. She stared at the text, and groaned.

"I'm never going to understand Magic..."

"We can't trust her." Professor Snape glanced at the other witches and wizards in the room. "She could be lying to us. How could she know that information, when not even Headmaster Dumbledore does." Professor McGonagall sighed, "We don't know who she is, to know whether to trust her..."

Snape nodded indignantly, and cut the witch off mid sentence, "see." The old witch added, before he could continue, "or not."

She turned her eyes onto the aging man sitting behind his desk. He had a thick white beard, which matched with his long white hair. "Hagrid knows this Pluto woman. He said we could trust her."

Professor Snape snorted, "That infernal Keeper of the Keys. He's a blundering fool if you ask me. He trusts anyone who would give him a pet to play with." His beady black eyes glittered from under his thick mane of greasy black hair.

The headmaster frowned, narrowing his usually kind eyes on the dark haired man. "Now Professor Snape, don't go pointing fingers. This woman came to us asking for our help. I have total confidence in Hagrid's opinion of this woman."

Snape shook his head, "Don't be so gullible Dumbledore, this could be a trap by You-Know-Who!"

Dumbledore shook his head miserably, "I know that Professor Snape, but it also could be the truth she is telling us."

Professor McGonagall then decided to step into the conversation. "It doesn't matter. We must take action. Like this Pluto woman said, one of your students has gone missing."

Both men looked at her startled by this revelation. "What?"

The old woman nodded sadly, "Yes it is true. That fifth year Pansy Parkinson went missing yesterday. She never came to dinner, and her room was found disheveled. There looked to have been a struggle." She paused, glancing at each man. "Magic was used, dark magic." She bowed her head, "this is like the time when someone opened the chamber of secrets."

Snape's nostrils flared, "Only one correct?" At the old woman's nod, he was about to continue, when something flashed within the room.

The three were interrupted, when a glowing portal appeared in the room. Both Snape and McGonagall stepped back in surprise.

Only seconds passed, before a figure emerged from the glowing purple light. The young woman was tall, and clad in a strange uniform. She bowed, to the headmaster, as the portal behind her vanished.

"Good Morning Professor Dumbledore, McGonagall...Snape." Her garnet eyes glowed from beneath her long dark bangs. "If you haven't guessed already, I am Sailor Pluto, guardian of time and space."

She straightened, and made eye contact with each teacher. "I'm sorry I barged in on your conversation, but it is very important that I speak with you." She smiled faintly, as she held out the staff she had, and it vanished from her fingertips.

Albus Dumbledore stood, and waved a hand to a chair, "Its quite all right. Please Miss Pluto sit."

She nodded, and took a seat in the comfy chair, taking care to cross her legs. "We are glad to have you here, we were just discussing..."

Pluto nodded, her smile fading, "I'm sorry Professor Dumbledore. I know, I overheard your conversation." Her eyes slid to the dark clad man in the corner of the room. "I'm sorry you don't trust me Professor Snape. But then again if I were in your shoes, I wouldn't trust myself either." She paused, returning her gaze to the headmaster.

"I gave none of you an explanation, as to why you should invite Usagi and her brother here at Hogwarts. That can look suspicious to someone who can't trust others so easily."

She noted the look Professor Snape shot at her, which caused her to smirk. "But that is why, I am here."

She stared straight at Dumbledore, and stated, "What I told you before, is only my assumption. Not even I know the truth about Usagi's past. The time gates will not tell me everything, which worries me. But if I am correct, then Usagi is in grave danger."

She glanced at Snape, and then at McGonagall. "Her mother died protecting her daughter. That means that this girl will play a very important key in all of our future, that I am sure of."

She tilted her head slightly, "I can't see the future anymore, its too cloudy for me to decipher what might happen." She paused briefly,

before continuing, "I'm sorry for dropping this burden on you, but it must be done."

She shifted in her chair. "Usagi needs the training, but she also needs to be protected, kept safe."

Professor Snape shook his head, "it is impossible. We cannot do that!"

Professor McGonagall added, "Are you insinuating that we must treat Miss Tsukino differently from the other students?" Outraged, Snape shouted, "No I will not do such a thing. She will be treated like everyone else. I refuse to pamper some snot nosed girl, just to protect her!"

Pluto nodded, "No Professor McGonagall, I do not want you to treat Usagi differently. Usagi is a special young woman, with much potential. I believe your sorting hat Professor Dumbledore will agree with me."

As if it heard its name, the sorting hat, sitting unneeded on the top of the shelf behind Pluto cleared its throat. "Yes Miss Pluto, I would agree with you. Miss Tsukino was a very hard student to sort. She would have made a great Gryffindor, but a better Slytherin."

The hat paused briefly, before it added, "Yes a better Slytherin in deed. Her heart is too pure, that it couldn't be tainted by the likes of them. But as you said when you came before Miss Pluto, she is here to find her past. As a Slytherin she will find her past."

Frowning McGonagall asked, "That is the only reason why she is in Slytherin?" The hat replied, "Yes. And that she agreed to be in that house."

Pluto interjected, "Usagi holds great possibilities. I believe she will become a very powerful sorceress like her parents."

She gazed about the room, her eyes lighting up, as they fell onto Professor Snape, who looked to be deep in thought. "Usagi knows

nothing of this world, which is why I need you three to push her into the right direction.

Luna has informed me that Usagi is behind in her work. I'm not pleased with this, since Usagi isn't very motivated into doing her homework. But I am glad that none of you are being lenient or overly strict on her because of who she is.

She needs to feel the pressure, to work hard to earn her self-confidence. Luna says right now she is in the Library working hard to get all of her homework done for next week."

She paused for a second, before adding, "Yes treat her like an equal, but don't alienate her. She has had enough of that growing up."

Snape scowled, "I will treat her anyway I please." Pluto nodded, "I know you will Professor Snape, which is why I wanted her in your class. I put her in advanced classes, with third, fourth and fifth year students." She stared at the dark man icily. "You dislike her Professor Snape, and I can't change that. Most people don't like her on first sight, not even I was impressed to find that the person I devoted my life to be a lazy, crybaby."

She sighed, her eyes slightly misting as the past reeled through her mind. "But I am sure soon enough you will hold some sort of respect for her, like most do after they get to know her."

Snape scowled, "I highly doubt it."

Pluto shook her head, "You are a very hardhead man Professor Snape. A dear friend of mine thought the same thing of Usagi, before the young girl risked her life for my friend over and over again.

Usagi, like the sorting hat said, is pure hearted. Nothing can taint her soul, and I mean nothing. So dislike her, hate her all you want Professor Snape."

The young woman sighed sadly, and it almost looked as if she were about to cry, but refrained herself from doing so. "Usagi is very brave, and very strong."

She looked Snape in the eyes, "I'm not asking much from you, but if it is to much, then take Usagi out of your school, and I will find another place to take her. I will not force this on you."

She then looked at Dumbledore. "All I want you to do, is treat her as another student, not as a threat, or a specimen in a lab."

Dumbledore nodded then, "We will Miss Pluto, you have my word." Pluto smiled softly, "And also, keep her out of the lime light. We can't have him learning of her until she can take him down."

Snape grunted, "Fine."

Pluto stood, "That's great. Thank you for seeing me. Good day." She bowed, as a portal opened behind her. Her staff formed in her hand, as she stepped back into the portal.

The purple void vanished when she slipped inside.

Snape looked at the others in the room. "I refuse to pamper that nuisance. If it were up to me, I'd have her expelled." With that, he whipped around, his robes billowing behind him. He left the room, leaving Dumbledore, and McGonagall to their thoughts.

Sighing, the old man replied softly, "We have no choice, but to call an alert. The student must be warned of the potential danger."

McGonagall nodded, "Yes of course. But what about Usagi? How can we keep her safe, when the three of us can't be with her all the time?"

Dumbledore looked up at her, "the only thing we can do. Bring me Potter, Granger, Weasleys, and Malfoy."

"Malfoy?"

The old headmaster nodded, "We will need all the help we can get."
Hello readers,

okay as i said before, i'll be slower at adding chapters now, because i am slowly working through my story again. hehe. but dont worry i wont be giving up. Well i hope you liked this chapter, i know its short, and kind of quick, but i didn't feel like going into full detail of the classes just yet. i'll get to all that later. well anyway, keep up the reviews i really appreciate them. :D . oh yes, for my other story tell me if you want, Teacher/Student relationship, or Teacher/teacher. so i mean Draco/Usagi, or Harry/Usagi, or Lupin/Usagi Snape/Usagi, or even if we want to go here Sirius/Usagi hmmm choices here.

Usagi would either be the new History of Magic teacher, or maybe, if not a Lupin/Usagi relationship, then the new DADA teach. but i like the new history teacher idea, something new. it Harry's and Co. 5th year, Usagi has been teaching for 4 years at Drumstring, and is changing to Hogwarts. if a student teach thing, than i will make her young, like 15, with a twist. if not, then shes 21 if its a teach teach thing. tell me what you would like to see, either way i dont mind. even tho i wouldn't mind doing Snape or Sirius. ooooo ideas r flowing. :D talk to you next chapter see ya then.

LP

P.S.

Harry/Usagi: 18 Harry is catching up Harry is Catching up...

Draco/Usagi: 21 Still lookin good Draco!!

Usagi/Dies: 2 hmmm maybe i should drop this, and make it a surprise, and see what you think...maybe i will.

There will be no Scouts k. so dont worry i wont add them :D

ok i think thats it.

LP signing out.

Chapter five:

Maybe I am a Meatball brain

The library was silent, even with several students held up in the over stuffed room, filled with shelves upon shelves of books. Tables with chairs were scattered around, one far enough from the other, to give each other privacy.

The sound was barely audible, but in the silence of the library, anyone who listened could hear it. The sound came from the back, at a lonely table covered with mountains of books. School books laid open to certain pages, and papers had been folded used as bookmarks.

There were other books as well, encyclopedias, dictionaries, and thesauruses.

Hidden behind the stacks of books was a lonely girl, resting her head on one of her many schoolbooks. Fast asleep, her snores echoed softly through the empty library. With her mouth wide open, drool pooled in the crease of the book, as she mumbled something about mountains of ice cream.

Golden blonde hair spilled out from the buns she had worn earlier, but had fallen out in her restless nap.

"If this is what you call working hard on your homework, then sign me up for study hour."

Taking the books he held he dropped them down on the table, louder than he had intended to. The blonde who had been fast asleep seconds ago, snapped awake.

Usagi shot up in her seat, "I was only resting my eyes, Luna..."

"I can see that, but I'm not Luna."

Startled by the unfamiliar voice, Usagi looked up at the culprit, who had ruined her good dream of chocolate ice cream.

"Oh, hello."

The boy flashed her a smile, "hi, sorry I woke you. I'm Harry... Potter." He fidgeted at where he stood, wondering if she was going to search his head for his scar, or gasp, and flock around him like a mother hen. But after a minute passed, he realized she wasn't going to do either.

Feeling relief sweep over him, he asked hesitantly, "I...well, can I sit here?" He waved a hand to the chair across the table Usagi was sitting at. Blinking, Usagi replied, "Hai, you don't have to ask. I mean since you're a Perfect."

The boy flushed, as he fell into the chair gratefully, "Uh...yes, but that doesn't mean I can't be courteous." Usagi frowned, "Honto? Draco uses that excuse all the time. He always says, because he's a Perfect, he can do anything." The blonde watched as Harry's face darkened when she had said Draco. It was then, that Usagi realized whom she was sitting with.

"Oh my kami sama!!"

Startled, Harry looked at the blonde curiously, "What?" He glanced around him, expecting something out of the ordinary. But all he saw were books flying up from the cart, to place themselves onto the shelves that they belonged on.

She flushed, "I'm sitting with Harry Potter!!" She slapped a hand over her mouth, as if as if she was trying to capture the worlds she had just blurted out. Her eyes glanced one way, than the other.

Harry fell back into his seat, as he slid his books out of the way so he could see her better. "Oh so you do know about that already?" He glowered down at the table, as he muttered under his breath, "God, I had thought me being the Boy-Who-Lived wouldn't be such a big deal anymore, but I guess that's hoping for too much."

Usagi raised a questionable eyebrow at him. "Nani?" She stared at his face quizzically. "What was that?" Before he could reply, she shook her head, and rushed, "I can't believe you're actually sitting with me. I mean you're a Gryffindor, and I'm a Slytherin. It's just unheard of, or at least that's what everyone tells me. But you seem

pretty nice." She leaned forward, and whispered from behind her hand, "No matter what the others tell me, I'm grateful Shingo landed in the Gryffindor house."

Harry flushed, his cheeks staining pink, as he looked anywhere but at her face. "Oh, I see." So she didn't know about Voldemort, there was a big surprise. Usually everyone knew about Voldemort, and him being only person to meet the evil sorcerer, and live.

She sat back in her chair, and asked, "Speaking of my Ootoo, have you seen Shingo kun around? I haven't talked to him since the sorting. I can't seem to find time, to sneak away to talk to him."

Harry thought of the new member of the Gryffindor house. Shingo Tsukino, was a very bright boy, and always eager to learn more.

Harry stared at the mess on the library table. Usagi on the other hand, seemed uneager to learn, smart when she wanted to be, and a tad bit lazy. Professor Snap's description of the new Slytherin girl, filtered through his mind.

Forty-five minutes ago, Professor Dumbledore, and Professor McGonagall, had called Hermione, Ron, Malfoy and himself to his office. Dumbledore hadn't provided much on what he wanted them to do, except that; the new first year in the Slytherin house, needed help.

Professor McGonagall had said something about Usagi's aunt wanting the best for her, and asked that Professor Dumbledore, find tutors for her.

Clearing his throat, to regain the blonde's attention, he asked, "I was... um, wondering if you needed any help? I noticed in potions that you didn't seem to..."He stopped himself, trying to find the right words, at least ones that wouldn't insult her.

Smiling faintly, Usagi supplied for him, "Know anything?"

Harry shook his head his face flushed with embarrassment, "No I didn't mean that..."

Usagi waved it off, "its okay, Miss Haruna used to tell me that all the time. I guess you can say I'm unmotivated to learn. Plainly, I find school boring."

The brown haired boy frowned, as he adjusted his glasses, "do you need any help on any of your homework? I don't mind helping out."

The girl shook her head, "lie, but artigato anyway Harry san." She dropped her gaze to the table.

Harry frowned, "Oh. Well if you ever need any help, don't hesitate to ask, ok."

Usagi nodded, and spoke softly, "Artigato Harry san." She flashed him a bright smile, and he returned it wholeheartedly. He liked it much better when she smiled.

He pushed himself to his feet, but Usagi stopped him, not wanting him to leave quite yet, "You're leaving?" She flushed, gnawing on her bottom lip nervously. "I mean, you don't have to go. I don't mind sharing the table."

Harry stood poised above his chair, as he glanced at the exit of the library with longing. He would rather be out playing Quidditch, or at least hanging out with Hermione and Ron. Sitting back down, he replied, "Okay."

He opened his potions book, and flipped to the page he had a sheet of paper for a bookmark. He was planning on waiting till later tonight, but now was good as any to work on his homework.

He glanced at Usagi, to see her looking at her History book. Every once and a while, she would move to the dictionary, and have to look up a word she didn't know. He shook his head in amusement at least she was trying.

Peering out from behind the bookcase, he studied the two at the table. Usagi, sat in the chair closest to him, her legs folded beneath her. The buns she usually wore, had fallen to the back of her head, which made her look like a joke.

Her history book was opened out in front of her, a dictionary covering it.

Across from her, was the infernal Potter boy. He was reading from his potions book, looking quite bored. Suddenly, the brown haired boy looked up, at the bookshelves, as if sensing he was being watched.

The hidden figure pulled back, a frown on his face. He waited a few minutes, before he peered around the corner again. Potter had gone back to his studies.

"Harry san, can I ask you something?"

The boy looked up from his history book, "sure." He gave the blonde his full attention.

Biting her lip, Usagi asked nervously, "What did you mean by the Boy-Who-Lived?"

The figure from behind the bookshelf scowled. He had been ecstatic to find that one person hadn't known Potter. But now the girl was curious. He gritted his teeth, as anger boiled within his veins.

Harry pursed his lips together as he sought an answer. "Well, when I was one, my father and mother were killed by a man named Voldemort."

He looked up at Usagi, expecting to see her cringe at the sorcerer's name, but all he saw were tears in her eyes. He averted his gaze as he added uncomfortably; "Voldemort gave me this scar, when he tried to curse me. I'm a little famous in the witches and wizardry world, because I'm the only person to ever meet Voldemort, and live."

Usagi bowed her head, "Gomen for bringing up painful memories Harry san." The boy shook his head, "There's nothing to be sorry about Usagi." He reached across the table, pointing at the thick book in front of her, and asked, "How's History coming?"

The blonde looked up, "I don't know, I keep dosing off." She stretched her arms up above her head, and yawned. "I'm so tired. I was up past midnight, studying all those stars."

Harry suddenly grinned, "I remember astronomy. I liked it, but I didn't like all the memorizing and homework in that class. Its really ridiculous, but it gets better later on in the year."

The figure near the shelves clenched his fists. How could a Gryffindor and a Slytherin get along? It was unheard of, and yet here was evidence that it could work.

"Do you need any help on your history?" Usagi frowned, "iie. I'm starting to understand some of it. And plus I don't need Draco walking in on us. He always pops up in the worst of times." She fell back in her seat, and let her headrest against the back of the chair. She sighed deeply.

Without thinking, Harry asked, "Why does it matter what Malfoy thinks?"

Usagi lifted her head, and looked at the boy strangely. "Why? He's the Perfect of the house I'm in." She frowned, as she added, "And he's also older than me. I must respect my elders, whether they are nice or mean."

The figure behind the bookshelf pulled back, and leaned against the shelf. How interesting.

"Not here in Hogwarts. Malfoy is a spoiled heartless jerk. Why let him control you. You can be with anyone you want... I mean, hang out with anyone you want." Harry cursed himself for his slip up, and did his best at holding back his blush, as he felt his face burn.

Usagi scowled, and not caring she was in a library, blurted out, loud enough for anyone listening to hear, "That's not very nice Harry san. Draco is a person, with a heart. No one is heartless." Her voice dropped, and her eyes softened.

"He may come across cold, and heartless to you, or to anyone else. But there's a reason, maybe even several of them, why he is like that. You can't just judge a person by their outward appearance. I learned that a long time ago."

A frown formed on her face, as she had said the last part. She shook her head to clear it of unwanted thoughts, and looked at Harry.

The figure bathed by the shadows of the bookshelf peered out, at the two students. He gazed at Usagi's back for a long time.

Harry looked away, as he said, "I'm sorry."

Usagi flashed a smile, her anger dissipating instantly, "its all right Harry san." Her growling stomach interrupted her. "I wonder if its lunch time yet? I missed breakfast." Harry glanced around the library, "I donno, why don't we go take a look."

Usagi jumped out of her chair, finally having an excuse to leave the horrid library. She shoved all of her books into her book bag, and replaced the ones she had borrowed from the library.

Slinging her bag over her shoulder, Usagi raced to the door. She whipped around, "Hurry Harry san, I'm starving!!" She patted her belly, ignoring the librarian's insistence for her to be quiet.

Harry chuckled, and followed her out of the library.

The figure walked out from behind the bookshelf, still holding the book he had been looking for, when he happened across the two's conversation.

He stared at the doors, for a long time.

"He actually took off ten points of his own house! Everyone was upset, 'cause I guess it was the first time it ever happened in years." The blonde flushed, as she followed Harry down the stairs, and through the halls.

They stopped outside the doors of the Great Hall. "I guess it must be lunch time, everyone's inside." Usagi nodded, "Hai. I hope we're not too late; Gregory Goyle and Vincent Crabbe eat a lot. They probably have eaten half the food already."

Harry chuckled, "Yea Goyle and Crabbe can put away the food." He thought back to the time, when they gave those two, Hermione's cupcakes. They had stuffed the cupcakes down their throats, as if the treat had been a crumb from a slice of bread.

Sighing, Harry shook the memory from his mind, and stated, "So I guess this is where we part?" He glanced down at the shorter girl, feeling reluctant to say good-bye already.

Usagi nodded, "Hai, I guess." She held out her hand, a bright smile on her face, "it was nice meeting you Harry san." Harry took her hand in his, and shook it. "Yes, it was a pleasure meeting you Usagi."

The blonde giggled, "Well see you tomorrow in History!"

She pushed the doors of the Great Hall open, and slipped into the room. A few seconds passed, before Harry followed her.

Harry found his seat, and sat down next to Ron, and Neville. "Hey Harry, where have you been?"

The brown haired boy shrugged, "The library, I was working on my potions homework."

Hermione blanched, "are you serious?" She looked him over, "You are serious! You actually did your homework!"

Harry nodded, slightly displeased by the fact that no one believed him.

He looked down at his plate full of food, and his stomach growled. Taking his fork, he started eating. Ron looked over at Harry, and stated, "So, were you able to find that Usagi girl?"

The brown haired boy nodded, "Yea, I found her in the library." He turned his head, and found Usagi seated near the end of the table.

"Hey Harry Potter!"

Harry looked away from the Slytherin table, to find Shingo seated across from him. "Hey Shingo. How are your classes coming along?"

Shingo grinned, "They're fine. So you talked to my Oneesan?"

Harry briefly glanced over his shoulder. "Yea, she's doing fine, having a little trouble studying though." He cleaned his plate, and leaned back a bit.

"Well, well what do we have here, conspiring against the Slytherins are you?"

The group near the end of the table looked up, to find Draco Malfoy smirking at them. The boy's blue eyes glittered, "Would've never guess you all were witches and wizards, with the way all of you act." His lips curled into a sneer, as Hermione stated, "Go pester someone who cares Malfoy."

The boy chuckled, "Well, at least the Mugblood has a backbone, unlike Gryffindor's Perfect, or the Weasels."

Ron nearly leaped to his feet in a rage, his blood roaring in his ears. Harry held his friend back, and repeated in his mind what Usagi had told him earlier. ~~ You can't just judge a person by their outward appearance. ~~

He sighed unevenly, trying to keep his anger in check. Ron glanced at him; "you're not going to let him mow us over, right Harry? Or let him insult Hermione like that, are you?"

Harry frowned, torn between helping his friends, or believe what Usagi had said.

Draco chuckled, "Potter's finally found his place. Congratulations Potter, for being the dirt beneath my shoes."

Harry gritted his teeth, his eyes narrowing, as he tried his hardest not to retort. Draco frowned, his eyebrows drawing together. "What? No snide remarks? No heated arguments? What is wrong with you Potter, you're taking away all of my fun?"

The boy forced himself to relax in his seat, as he replied tightly, "Nothing Malfoy."

Suddenly a voice from behind Draco piped in, "hello everyone!!!" Usagi stood next to the white haired boy, a smile on her face. "I saw Draco san come over here, so I figured I could come."

Hermione raised an eyebrow, at the name Draco, and wondered why Malfoy was actually letting her call him that.

Harry slowly turned around, and saw Usagi wiggle pass Draco, to squeeze into the heated circle they had formed. "Harry san! Its sugoi to see you again! Gregory and Vincent didn't eat all the food, so I was able to get some lunch. What about you?"

Harry shrugged, not wanting to start a conversation with her in front of Draco. He didn't want to get her into any more trouble, than she was already digging herself into.

Usagi pouted, but turned to look at her younger brother, "Hey Shingo, how are your classes coming along?"

The boy grinned, "They're sugoi Usagi. This school is way better than the one in England, and the one in Tokyo. I've made a lot of friends."

The blonde brightened, "Honto? That's Sugoi!"

"What do you think you are doing first year?"

Startled, Usagi glanced over her shoulder to see Draco seething. Nervous, she rubbed that back of her neck, "What do you mean Draco san?"

The boy scowled, "Stop that! You're not aloud to call me by my first name first year! And what do you think you're doing talking to a bunch of Gryffindors? Mugblood, Weasels, and Potter no less?"

Usagi bit her lip, "Well, I... I saw you talking to them, so I figured I could." She looked down at the floor, embarrassed.

Ron scowled, "She can talk to whoever she wants Malfoy."

Draco scoffed, "Not if she wants to be a Slytherin. If she wants to fit in so badly, then she better start acting like a Slytherin." He shot Usagi a heated look.

The blonde slowly lifted her eyes to his, "Act like a Slytherin? You mean act more like you, right?" At his nod, she continued, "But we already have a jerk in our house, why do we want another egotistical male!"

Her eyes narrowed, "This whole school is filled with snot nosed, egotistical, back stabbers!"

She pointed a finger at herself, "And I can stick up for myself..."

A loud sound interrupted the argument-taking place at the Gryffindor table.

Squawk!

Usagi looked up, to see a familiar black owl swoop through the air towards them. Faintly, she hear Harry ask confusingly, "Mail during lunch?"

Usagi watched as the owl dropped something from the air, and she held out her hands. The brown leather pouch fell into her cupped palms.

Excited, Shingo raced around the table to be at his sister's side. "What'd you get Odango?"

Usagi flushed at the insult, and everyone around her looked up. Hermione and Ron snickered from behind their hands, and she understood that they knew the story.

Sighing, Usagi stuffed the small pouch into her pocket; "I'll open it later." Looking up at the clock, she stated, "Well would you look at that, time for class."

She flashed the group a smile, and started off for the exit. "Ja ne minna chan!!!"

"Will you two be quiet you're going to get us caught!" Hermione glared at her two best friends, as they made their way to the Slytherin common rooms.

Harry shook his head, "I can't believe we are doing this. We're invading Usagi's privacy!"

"SHUT UP!!"

Hermione slapped Harry upside the head, "Do you want to get caught?" They stopped outside the entrance of the Slytherin Commons room. "I don't know the password."

"Shhh someone's coming."

They waited, as a young Slytherin whispered the password, and the door opened. They slipped into the room, and went down the opposite corridor than the boy had gone.

"The girl's must have their rooms this way."

Hermione tugged the invincibility cloak closer to her side. They reached a door that read 'First Year'. It had been left cracked open.

Hermione pressed her index finger to her lips, to motion them to stay quiet. She reached out to push the door open slowly, when they heard footsteps come towards them.

Hermione grabbed Ron, and tugged him towards the wall. Being in between the two, Harry was forced to follow. They pressed themselves to the wall, as a tiny black cat made her way pass them.

The cat paused, glancing towards the wall as if she'd seen something. Shaking her head, the cat pushed the door open, and entered the room.

Rushed, Hermione hissed, "Go, go, go, before it closes!"

The three slipped into the room, before it shut. Ron slapped a hand over Harry's mouth, to keep him from yelping, when the boy lost his balance. Hermione grabbed Harry, and helped him straighten, before he could fall, and give them all away.

"Hey Luna."

The three turned to the bed on the farthest wall from them. Usagi was seated on the mattress, her legs pulls up to her chest. She was holding the leather pouch.

To the three's amazement, the cat name Luna replied, "I tried to give you that this morning, but you wanted nothing to do with me. So I waited till lunch, since I figured you could skip another meal." The black cat leaped up onto the bed, the golden crescent moon on her forehead glittered in the room's light.

"Setsuna told me to give it to you as soon as I could."

Usagi glanced up at the black cat, but her eyes fell back to the pouch. "Why would Obason give me a brooch?" As she said that, she spilled the pouches contents into her hand.

A pink brooch fit perfectly in her palm. There was a white crystal set in the middle of it. "It is lovely, but what can I use it for?"

Luna seated herself at the end of the bed, "It belonged to your mother, a long time ago. Setsuna believed it was time for you to have it."

Usagi fiddled with it between her fingers, and sighed exasperatedly, "Why does he have to be so mean?"

She fell back, her head hitting the soft pillow. Luna frowned, "I beg your pardon?" Usagi frowned, her eyes closing.

"He reminds me of someone, but I can't think of who."

Luna scowled, "Usagi stop thinking about boys, and get your act together! You have school work to be worrying about." Usagi glanced at the cat, a frown fixed on her face.

"Oh who cares Luna? I'm not going to make it, just like Draco san said." Tears pricked her eyes, but she held them at bay. "I can't keep up, none of it makes sense to me!"

She rolled over onto her side, and stared at the floor over the edge of her bed. "I make a horrible Slytherin..." she pouted, and she suddenly went back to her first question, "And why is he so mean to me?"

Luna shook her head, "Well, when you get back on track, let me know, I will be with Professor McGonagall."

With that said, the cat jumped from the bed, and left by using the door.

Usagi sat up, once the door shut, and she looked around the room. Biting her lip, she looked down at the brooch in her hand. She suppressed a shudder, and slipped the brooch back into its pouch. "That thing gives me the creeps."

Swinging her legs over the side of the bed, she pushed herself up onto her feet.

She looked at the wall near the door, and frowned. A chill ran along her spine, and she rubbed her hands up and down her arms. "I'm losing it. Now I feel like I'm being watched."

Hermione glanced at Harry, who looked at Ron. They exchanged looks, before they shrugged, and looked back at Usagi.

The blonde pulled out the loose buns, and redid them. "Maybe I am a Meatball brain?" Ron snorted, his eyes bulging. He slapped a hand across his mouth to keep himself from laughing out loud.

Hermione gave the red haired boy a stern look, but it did nothing to calm him. Worried that they would be caught, Harry placed his hand over Ron's.

Hearing something, Usagi looked around the room, a frowned playing on her face. If she didn't know any better, she would have sworn she heard someone laugh when she said Meatball brains. Shaking her head, she moved back to her bed, and sat down.

There was a knock on her door, but before she could say anything, it opened. Curious as to who would knock, she looked over to see, non other than Draco Malfoy.

The three covered by the invincibility cloak, sobered up immediately, and started wide-eyed as the white haired boy entered the room.

Usagi glanced at the open door, then to Draco, as he moved about the dark room, made up of greens and silver. "Looks just like our room." He glanced at the blonde, before looking around the room one more time.

"I didn't see you in the library so I figured you would be here. Are you ready?"

Usagi blanched, wondering if he was threatening her, or something else. "Ready? Ready for what Draco san?"

The white haired boy scowled, "Didn't I say not to call me that?" Usagi nodded, but retorted, "And I told you not to call me a first year, but you still do."

"I can call you what I want first year, I'm a Perfect." He gave her a sharp look that meant she should take his word for it.

Usagi shook her head, "But Harry san says, that a Perfect still has to be courteous like everyone else." Draco growled, "Do you listen to

everything Potter says?" The name came out in a deadly hiss that made Usagi's skin crawl.

A few seconds passed, before Usagi nodded, "hai, I do, because he's my friend." Draco scoffed, "Slytherins don't befriend Gryffindors."

Usagi frowned, "Well this Slytherin did make a friend, and his name is Harry."

The white haired boy's eyes narrowed, "You better watch what you say first year." Usagi met his glare with one of her own, "Stop calling me first year!"

The boy scoffed, amusement dripping from his lips, as he said, "And would you rather I called you Odango?" The blonde scowled at the name, "Actually, I rather you didn't. I prefer Usagi."

Draco shook his head, "Well I prefer, first year." Rolling her eyes, Usagi asked again, when she realized she was fighting a losing battle, "and what was it that should I be ready for?"

The boy replied smoothly, "To work. I'm your new tutor."

"WHAT?!?!"

All right, there's chapter five. Hoped you enjoyed it as much as I did writing it. Hehe!!! Well I just wanted to say tyvm for reading this story, and ty for all the reviews. Sorry this chapter took so long to get out, I'll try and get more out sooner, but no promises.

Harry/Usagi: 21 So close, yet so far. Come on Harry, put on you charm, you were doing so well in chapter one. But you're only 6 behind. What would Ron and Hermione say if they find out you're losing to Draco?

Draco/Usagi: 27 I am so surprised to see this, since in the beginning of this story all I got was, there are way to many Draco/Usagi, I want Harry.... Which I have noticed to be somewhat true, but I don't mind adding to that long forming list.

Harry Potter, and the Lunarian Witch

I think I'm going to keep that name, its starting to stick to me, stick like glue, and it seems catching almost. This story I'm writing is self-explanatory really. Usagi, as you can guess, goes to Hogwarts, of course, how else would I cross these two great time consuming, mind boggling, edge of the seat anticipation, storylines?

Lets see, I'll give a good summery, and you tell me if you want to read it. I love writing it, so I'm sure all of you will love to read it, since you like this story, I think HPatLW is much better than this one.

Well, Usagi Tsukino, a third year teacher is the new History Professor, and seems to be a little too cheerful for her own good. She's a close friend of Professor Dumbledore, which sends Harry for a loop, considering, Dumbledore, doesn't seem to know much about her. Professor Snape seems to despise her, and even Peeves knows her!

Professor Lupin got his old job back, and is very curious about Professor Binns replacement, considering, she looks fifteen, but claims to have gone to school, back in 1978, when James and Lily went to school.

So what's going down in Hogwarts, why wont Dumbledore tell anyone who the mysterious Bunny is, and how can a "15 year old girl", actually have gone to school 17 years ago?

Well tell me what you think, and if you want it to be Snape/Usagi, Lupin/Usagi, or even Sirius/Usagi.

Chapter six: National Pick on Usagi Year

Usagi sat uncomfortably in her seat, unable to relax. Professor McGonagall was discussing the technique of turning a mouse into a pincushion. The sequence was much harder than it seemed to be, and so far, only Hermione knew how to do it without fault.

Yawning, the blonde tried to keep focused on the day's lesson. It was only Tuesday of her third week at Hogwarts, and she already knew it was going to be a horrible year. But at least now she wasn't late to her classes, even though she still hadn't figured out the stair's sequence.

She fell back into her seat, and looked at the clock. Stifling a yawn, Usagi leaned forward, propping her head up with her hands.

Professor McGonagall was worse than Miss Haruna back in Junior High. And Miss Haruna even hated her. Professor McGonagall was old, but very sharp, and never missed a thing. But lately, her mind seemed to be distracted. She had also noted the same in a few other teachers. They all looked worried about something.

Usagi blocked the teacher's words from her mind, and stared blankly at the front of the room.

Since Sunday, nothing had been the same, especially after finding Harry Potter, Hermione Granger, and Ronald Weasley in the Slytherin common room.

It had come to a shock to both Usagi, and Draco. Her lips twitched, wanting to form a smile at the memory of that late afternoon.

~~ "WHAT?!?!"

Something hit the ground with a thud, and a pair of familiar glasses slid across the floor.

"Shhh!!!"

"Shhh, yourself!"

A familiar girl's voice hissed, "Be 're hear us."

"It's a little late for that!"

Usagi stared at the empty air, and felt faint, with fright. Now she was hearing voices, not just any voices, but ones she recognized as three fifth years from the Gryffindor house.

Draco crouched down, and picked up the glasses. He turned them over in his hand, as he inspected them. A frown formed on his face, as he searched the room for the direction of the three voices.

Usagi glanced at Draco, and noticed he was aware of the voices as well. Sighing in relief, she shifted from where she sat, so that her legs were folded beneath her.

"All right, whose there?" Draco's frown deepened, when only silence answered him.

Usagi scowled, suddenly feeling as if her privacy had been invaded, "You better come out, or I'll.I'll , Professor Snape!" The threat was a worthless effort, since one, professor Snape wouldn't believe her, and two the culprits could leave before she got back.

There was a long sigh from somewhere in the room, and Usagi's heart skipped a beat.

Then suddenly there was a soft sound of fabric rustling together, and then floating in the air, three heads appeared, without their body.

Usagi's eyes bulged, her mouth gaping opened, before she let out a blood- curdling scream that sent her falling over the edge of the bed backwards. Her screams were cut short, when she hit the ground with a thump. There was a pause of silence, till Usagi looked up over the edge of her mattress.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione's heads still floated there, but so did someone's arm, which waved nervously.

Frightened, Usagi let out another piercing scream, which sent all the teachers to the Slytherin room, along with the all of the students, and even the Daily Prophet. ~~

Usagi blinked, snapping herself back to the present. She had been on the front page of the newspaper, and looked ridiculous. A soft smile formed on her face, as she shook her head to clear it.

It hadn't mattered anyway; only she and a few other students had seen that day's paper. Professor, McGonagall, Professor Dumbledore, and Professor Snape had pulled all the papers, and burned them. For what reasons, they wouldn't say.

Sitting up, Usagi forced herself to listen to Professor McGonagall's lecture.

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Usagi fidgeted where she stood, unable to stand still. She bit her bottom lip, and gnawed on it, as if it could calm her nerves. She, along with a large group of first years stood outside on Hogwarts grounds. Madam Hooch was their flying teacher, whose intent was to teach them the way of the broom.

The blonde looked around nervously, wondering if she should tell the teacher about her fear of heights. Surely they wouldn't fly on their first day, right?

The class was formed into two lines, that face each other, and there was a broom near their feet. Usagi looked down at the broom, and hoped it would listen to her, like Madam Hooch was lecturing about.

Sighing, Usagi looked around, trying to distract herself from the thought of flying.

It was a clear day, which was a surprise since it was early October, where in England it began to rain by then. The sky was bright blue, the sun golden, and the clouds fluffy white. The breeze was gentle, which was different from October winds in England.

It wasn't until Madam Hooch gave their first instructions, did Usagi blink back to reality.

"All right then, stick your hand out over your broom, and say up." The class watched Madam Hooch perform it first, and the broom came to her hand without hesitation.

Swallowing, Usagi held her right hand out over her broom. Some of the students had already begun to call for their brooms, and even some were getting frustrated when nothing happened.

Licking her dry lips, Usagi called, "Up." there was a brief hesitation that had Usagi almost saying it a second time, when the broom went to her hand. The blonde grasped the broom firmly in her grasp, and felt her heart quicken.

"Good, now watch me." The class looked at Madam Hooch, as she mounted the broom, as if it were a horse. "Now class, your turn."

Usagi slung her leg over the broomstick, and clutched the end with a death grip. Madam Hooch came down between the lines, and corrected a few how to hold the broom. Usagi was told to space her hands, and not to hold too tight.

"You'll only confuse the broomstick, if you hold it like that Miss Tsukino."

Usagi did as ordered, but still couldn't relax.

"Now then, when I blow my whistle, kick up off the ground hard. All I want you to do is rise a few feet, and drop back down." The woman gave each student a stern look.

She then lifted the whistle to her lips, and blew. Usagi shut her eyes, but didn't kick off. She heard everyone around her rise in the air. "Miss Tsukino, kick off!"

The blonde opened her eyes, and felt numb all over. She hated heights, had been afraid of them ever since she could remember. "Come on Oneesan, its fun!"

Usagi looked at her younger brother, to see him rise, and then drop down to the ground as if he had been born to do so.

Usagi nodded, and kicked off hard, and the broom rose. She watched as the ground grew farther and farther away. Her heart leaped into her chest, and she closed her eyes. "Please don't let me fall, please don't let me fall." Tears swarmed her eyes.

It was then, she felt the ground beneath her feet, and she opened her eyes again. She looked up, to see Madam Hooch's satisfied smile.

Usagi let out the breath she hadn't known she had been holding. A smile found its way onto her face. She had actually flown!

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~~ "Since I am your tutor, you will do everything I tell you to do. And that includes, every class we have together, you will sit next to me, understand?"

Usagi gritted her teeth, seething inside, but didn't dare speak her anger. She needed a tutor, and only Kami knew how much. 'But why did it have to be Draco Malfoy?'

She pouted, her eyes watering slightly. "Are you listening to me?" Flushing, Usagi looked up at Draco. "Hai Draco san."

The boy smirked, "Good. Then I will see you in Charms class then." With that said, he briskly left her standing outside the Slytherin commons room. ~~

Usagi sighed, as she thought about what Draco had told her only a month ago. The weeks had gone by, so quickly, just like everyone had said they would. It was October now, growing frightening closer to Halloween.

So far, she had done what he asked. She sat with him in Charms, and he actually helped her understand some of what they were learning. She sat with him in Transfiguration, in Defense Against the Dark Arts, and in Arithmancy. In that class, he had actually been a big help, which was a great surprise.

Walking down the hallways towards Potion class, she hugged her book to her chest. In Arithmancy, he showed her another side of him that no one would believe existed. Usagi wondered if maybe it was because Crabbe, Goyle, and Harry Potter weren't in that class with them.

Shrugging, she turned down another hallway. "Well looky here." Usagi stopped, as dread slowly seemed to creep up along her spine, and she turned to see the school's poltergeist, Peeves. She swallowed the forming lump in her throat. "Hello ."

The ghost, if you wanted to call him that snickered, "Off to Potions, first year?" Usagi glowered, why does everyone call me first year? Is it national picked on Usagi year?

Peeves snickered beneath his breath, "You're going to be fun to play with." The blonde clenched her teeth, when they began to chatter. Why did he sound so threatening? "I gotta go Peeves."

She turned from him, and started for class. But even as she reached her Potions class door, she could still hear Peeves laughter, and the chill that had settling into her heart didn't seize.

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Usagi gazed around the room, and spotted Draco near the front. He was staring at her expectantly, and she sighed. She glanced over at the other side of the class, where most of the Gryffindors sat, along with a few Hufflepuffs. Harry, and Hermione sat in front.

She watched as they both looked up at her, and then avert their gaze. The blonde wasn't sure if she should forgive them or not. None of the other Slytherins had, and even Professor Snape had docked fifty points from their house.

Usagi took a seat next to Draco, and set her books on the table. Class was about to begin.

The door to the room swung open, and Professor Snape stalked to the front of the class. "Glad to see you on time Tsukino."

Usagi ducked her head, not in the slight mood to get on his bad side today. Snape stood before the class, looking at each one. "Tsukino I do hope you plan on paying attention in class."

Draco elbowed her in the side, and she snapped her head up, her lips pursed together. "Hai Professor Snape."

The dark haired man nodded, "Good." He walked towards her seat, and leaned slightly over her, so that she was covered in his shadow. "Tell me Tsukino, what is an imphnote?"

Usagi snorted, her eyes widening, and her face flushed. "Uh.." She gazed about the room, to see other hands raised. She bit her bottom lip, tears clinging to her lashes. Why did he have to make her look like a fool every single day? She had only been here for barely two months, and he expected her to know everything.

Professor Snape's eyes darkened, "Well?"

The blonde dropped her eyes to floor; ready to say she didn't know, when Draco interrupted her. "Professor Snape, she's only a first year. We learned of imphnotes in our third year."

Professor Snape nodded, "I see." He pulled away, and moved to the other side of the room. Usagi watched as from the corner of her eye, as he asked the same question from Neville from the Gryffindor house.

Usagi looked up at Draco, and whispered, "Domo artigato Draco san." The boy scoffed, "I wouldn't be thankful, you owe me a favor now."

Usagi glared at the floor, why did she feel like she was going to owe him a lot of favors this year?

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"Miss Tsukino, I would like to speak with you."

Usagi dropped her books back down on the table, and fell back into her seat. She watched as the class filed out of the room. Among them were Harry, Hermione, and Draco.

Sitting back in her seat, she waited as Professor Snape seated himself on the corner of the table she was at. She stared up at him, her heart thumping in her chest. "Hai Professor Snape?"

The dark haired teacher stared at her oddly, his dark eyes assessing her. His arms crossed over his chest, as he asked, "Did you understand today's lesson?"

Usagi glanced at the board, where the notes she had copied from, were still there. "A little Professor Snape." The older man nodded, "Has Malfoy been any help?" This time, his voice turned to annoyance, as he added, "Because if he hasn't."

Afraid she might get her tutor in trouble, she rushed, "Hai Professor Snape. He's helping me." She swallowed, as the teacher's eyes darkened. "Good. Then you're dismissed to lunch."

Usagi nodded, collecting her things, and started out of the classroom. "And Miss Tsukino?"

The blonde girl paused near the door of the classroom, "Hai Professor Snape?" She glanced over her shoulder at him, her face slightly paling.

"I won't tolerate disobedience, especially one from my own house, am I clear?" Usagi stared at his stern face, and nodded, before she hurried out of the room.

"Usagi?"

The blonde turned at the sound of her name, and she saw Hermione and Harry waiting near the door. "Hi." She looked at them strangely, wondering what they were waiting for. "If you wanted to talk to Professor Snape, he's free, I think." She glanced back at the closed door, and sighed miserably.

Harry shook his head, as he pushed his glasses off the bridge of his nose. "No, actually, Hermione and I, well we wanted."

Hermione snorted, and took a step in front of the dark haired boy. "We're sorry for what happened in the Slytherin commons room. More so me, because it had been my idea to spy on you."

The girl directed her eyes to the floor at her feet, unable to meet Usagi's eyes.

The blonde flashed them a smile, "Its all right. If I were you, I would have probably done the same thing."

Harry stared at her, "You're not mad at us?"

Hermione elbowed him in the side, and whispered something to him. Usagi giggled, "lie Harry san. I'm not good at holding a grudge." She grinned, which eased the two Gryffindor's anxiety.

"I think that sorting hat made a mistake." Harry stared at her thoughtfully. "You're not like any Slytherin I ever met."

Usagi started down the hallway, with Hermione and Harry at her side. "Hai I know, I make a terrible Slytherin."

Hermione pursed her lips together, as she thought. "Well basically, we pick what house we want to be in. So then you must have picked to be in Slytherin."

Usagi flushed, "Hai, I guess I did, sort of. The hat kind of talked me into it. He said that my parents were in Slytherin."

Curious, Harry asked, "Your parents? They were in Slytherin with Malfoy's dad?"

Usagi shrugged her shoulders, "I don't know. I never met my biological parents. An orphanage took me in when I was an infant. When I was four, the Tsukino's adopted me." She shrugged it off as nothing.

Harry asked, "You never met your parents?" Usagi nodded, "hai, but the Tsukino's might as well have been my real family, since they took care of me." she trailed off at the thought of last year. "Well, until last year."

Frowning, Harry asked, "What happened last year?"

They stopped outside the Great Hall, not ready to break up just yet.

Hermione elbowed him, "Harry, don't be rude!"

The brown haired boy glowered at her, "what was that for?" Usagi faintly smiled, one hand on the doorknob. "They died in a boating accident. My Obason Setsuna took Shingo and me in."

Harry flushed, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to bring up bad memories."

Usagi forced a smile, as she replied, "lie Harry san, its all right. We all have a little sadness in our lives, and we all find a way to deal with it."

With that said, she pulled the door open, and slipped into the Great Hall. She moved to her table, as Harry and Hermione joined their house.

Usagi took a seat near the end of the table, ignoring Draco's heated glare. She stared at her plate of food, and sighed lonely. Looking up, she could see Shingo with his group of friends.

She was glad he had hit it off well, but yet deep down she was deeply envious.

~~ Do you think you have what it takes to follow in their footsteps? ~~

The taunting voice of the sorting hat rang through her ears. It sounded mocking as ever, as if testing her still if she was worthy to be a Slytherin, or worthy to be the daughter of her real parents. Usagi clenched her teeth, and nodded head, before she whispered beneath her breath, "Hai." ~~~~~

Okay there is another chapter, hoped you enjoyed it. I know I did, Hehe. Well anyway I just want to say, tyvm for all the great reviews. I'm still trying to figure out where this story is going, so pls be patient with me. (Oh and if you have ideas, pls tell, only Kami knows how much help I need).

Well, lets see is there anything I should add? Um ok how bout a quick little question if any of you can help me out a little bit. But only if you want to, know obligation here. (pls pls help!!!!) Just kidding. hehe

Okay in this story, pretend that Pansy Parkinson is blonde hair blue eyed ok. PLS PLS pretend. When I wrote this I didn't think about what she looks like. In fact I have no idea what she looks like. So pretend, for me PLEASE! If you can, thank you so much. Then I can get on with the next chapter, if not, then I'll have to pull that chapter, and find someone else, and well that could get messy.

Oh yes, for the question. I have two really. Well um would you guys mind if I fly through October to get the first game of Quidditch, or do you want me to write more on that month?

Second question, do any of you know if Slytherin has a female Quidditch player? I looked but I can't tell. Do any of you know, and can tell me; I'd really appreciate it?

Harry/Usagi: 27 Awww poor Harry, finally starts to catch up, only to find Draco leaped ahead of him once more

Draco/Usagi: 33 Still looking hot as ever Draco!!!! You're on fire keep it up. Use that charm!!

Well see you next chapter!!! LP out

Chapter seven: Crescent Fallen

Usagi wasn't sure what happened, but she had a pretty good guess what might have conspired. She had just left breakfast, and had been on her way to the library, when she tripped on something that had uplifted from the floor.

She pitched forward, her heart leaping into her throat. Her arms flung out at her sides in a pathetic attempt to balance herself.

Someone appeared around the corner, and right in her way.

Usagi fell hard, landing on something softer than the ground, but her teeth bit down onto her lip, and she drew blood. The coppery taste was enough to make her gag, but she forced herself to bear it.

Her face still scrunched up, as if she was waiting for the fall, she opened one eye to see who she landed on.

"Kami sama!"

Harry chuckled sheepishly, and asked in concern, "Are you okay Usagi?"

The blonde scrambled to her feet, as she replied, "Hai Harry san. Here I'll help you up." She held out her hand, which he took gratefully. Her other hand latched onto his, and with all her might, she jerked on his arm hard.

He came to his feet, and his head smacked into hers making them fall back, and loose contact.

Usagi cursed below her breath, her head throbbing. "Gomen Harry san." She blinked her eyes several times, hoping it would stop the pain.

Harry shook his head as if to clear, "Its all right."

It was then they heard the laughter in the empty hallway. Turning, the two students saw Peeves holding his middle and laughing so hard,

tears appeared in his eyes. Usagi scowled, and she realized, it had been the poltergeist that had tripped her.

Still holding her head, she inspected her bleeding lips with her other hand. "You're bleeding?"

Usagi flushed, but replied quickly, "Hai, but only a little. I bit my lip." She turned her head, so he wouldn't see it swelling into a fat lip, or the fact that it was bleeding heavily.

"Someone really needs to take care of Peeves, one of these days he's going to hurt someone." Harry touched her shoulder, causing her to look at him.

His eyes narrowed at the site of her lip, "you should have Madam Pomfrey have a look at that." Usagi ducked her head, just as a voice hissed, "Potter, picking on little first years," Draco stalked passed him, to get a look at Usagi for himself. "I always knew you would show your true colors one day."

The blonde shook her head, ready to defend her new forming friend, "lie, Draco."

"My goodness what is going on here?" Professor McGonagall, came up to Usagi's side, and lifted her chin. "My happened to you child?"

Before Usagi could speak up, Draco answered, "Potter here, decked her. I just got here when it looked like he was going to go at her again." He smirked, his eyes dancing with delight.

Professor McGonagall looked at Harry in disbelief, "Mr. Potter?"

Usagi grabbed a hold of Professor McGonagall's arms, and gave it a tug. "lie. Its not what happened!"

The teacher shook her head, "Come, let's get you to Madam Pomfrey's, to have that lip looked at." The old woman grabbed Usagi by the arm, and tugged the blonde down the hall with her.

Usagi fought the woman all the way to the hospital wing. "Professor McGonagall, it wasn't Harry!" She paused for a second, and on a later thought added, "Or Draco."

The teacher knocked onto the infirmary's door, and replied, "Don't protect them Miss Tsukino. I'm sure they were fighting again, and you were caught in the middle of it. You wouldn't be the first."

Usagi scowled, "lie, they weren't fighting. Draco had just gotten there when you did!"

The door they stood at opened, and a young woman poked her head out. "Oh deary. Come in, come in." The door opened wider, and Usagi was ushered into the room. "I've got her Professor McGonagall, you go on to your class."

The door shut behind her, and Usagi was left with the nurse. "Ok, sit down right there on the bed, and tell me all that happened." Usagi looked around her, and spotted a bed close by. She sat down, and shifted around till she was able to see the nurse.

"I was going to the library, and Peeves tripped me. I fell into Harry san. Draco thinks Harry hit me, and Professor McGonagall thinks I got in the middle of one of their fights."

She frowned, her eyes downcast. The nurse appeared in front of her, and lifted her chin, "All right look at me." The nurse then took a wet cloth to the cut. The instant it touched her skin, Usagi yelped, jerking back. Her hands flew to her lips, tears stinging her eyes, "that hurts!!"

The nurse scowled, "That's enough now. Be a big girl." The woman pulled Usagi's hand away, and pressed the cloth back onto Usagi's lips.

The blonde cried out, tears burning her eyes. They spilled down her face, as she tried to jerk away. "stop it, it hurts!!!"

Madam Pomfrey shook her head, "It may hurt, but it's going to heal that cut, right up. Now hold still!"

Usagi gripped the edge of the bed, and squeezed her eyes shut like she did when she was at the doctors getting a shot. The pain was terrible, and the tears wouldn't stop falling, but she didn't move until the nurse pulled the cloth away.

"There we go, now put this ice pack over that fat lip of yours, and you'll be good as new in an hour or so." Madam Pomfrey placed the icepack over Usagi's mouth, before she moved to the tray near the door.

Usagi held the icepack firmly to her lip, as she gazed about the room. It looked like an infirmary should, with all the beds, and medical supplies. The cabinets on the walls were filled with first aids, and medicine bottles.

Madam Pomfrey started for the door, "I'll be right back, and you just wait there."

Usagi watched as the tiny woman exited the hospital wing, which left Usagi alone in the large room. She swung her feet back and forth, and she sighed, as boredom kicked in.

The door to the room opened, causing Usagi to look up, expecting the nurse back already. But instead of Madam Pomfrey, Harry Potter slipped into the room. "Hey."

Usagi grinned, "Hey! Did you tell Professor McGonagall what really happened?" The dark haired boy nodded, "Yes I did. She understands, and went to talk to Peeves."

Usagi sighed with relief, "that's sugoi. I'm glad none of you got into trouble."

Harry stopped to stand next to her, "What's wrong?" Confused, Usagi asked, "huh?"

Harry frowned, "Why are you crying?" He glanced around the room, expecting someone to be the culprit. Usagi flushed, ducking her head, "Madam Pomfrey used this stuff on my lip, and it hurt." She pulled the icepack from her lip.

"It's looking better. In fact you almost can't tell your lip was cut."

Usagi nodded, "Hai, it doesn't even hurt anymore." She swung her leg up onto the bed, and laid down, placing the icepack back over her lip.

Harry glanced around the room; "it feels like it was only yesterday when I was pulled in here after a game." he trailed off, his eyes falling onto the bed he had been stuck in for about a week or so.

Usagi looked at him, "What happened?" Dropping his eyes to floor, he replied nonchalantly, "I broke my arm, and Professor Lockhart used this spell, that was supposed to fix it." he winced at the memory. "But in fact, it disintegrated all the bones in my arm. It was like my arm was rubber."

Usagi wrinkled her nose, "Ewe. What kind of sensei goes around turning bones into dust?" Harry chuckled, "he was a fraud actually. We all thought he was this great wizard, but in fact he was using other wizards ideas to make himself famous."

Usagi's eyes filled with tears, "What an awful man. I hope he got into trouble for that." Her lips formed into a scowl.

Harry nodded his head, "He did. In fact he got hit over the head, when there was an avalanche of rocks in a cave. He lost all of his memory." He shrugged, "I haven't seen him since my second year of Hogwarts."

Usagi dropped her head back against the pillow, and patted the empty space next to her. "Why don't you sit down, no use standing around all day?"

Harry looked at where she had her hand, and flushed, "Um, okay." He climbed up onto the bed, and sat next to her, but wouldn't look at her. "Hey Usagi are you going to the Quidditch game that's coming up in a couple of weeks?"

The blonde drew her eyebrows together, "Quidditch?"

The boy nodded, "Yea. It's a game we play here at Hogwarts. Its where two teams flying on broomsticks compete for points scored by throwing a ball through hoops on either end of a large grassy pitch." He looked at her waiting for her answer.

Usagi pursed her lips together, "Okay, but can you explain it a little more to me, so that I wont look stupid when I'm watching it."

Harry nodded, and shifted so that he was facing her, his legs criss-crossed. "Okay, the first game Slytherin and Gryffindor will be playing against each other.

"Well like I said Quidditch is played on broomsticks, and there are four goal posts at either ends of a field. That field is called a Quidditch Pitch.

Quidditch has three balls. The ball that scores the points is the Quaffle. Then there is the Bludger, which is probably the most dangerous ball of all of them. It flies through the air being hit by players called beaters. It was the ball that hit my arm, and broke it."

Usagi sat up, nearly hitting her head against his again, "You're a player?? What do you do? And how did you get hit by a bulger." Harry flushed, as he pulled back a little from Usagi's face. "Its Bludger. And I'll get to that.

The third ball is the Golden Snitch. It is a tiny ball that has wings and is enchanted. My job is the Seeker, and I'm supposed to catch the Golden Snitch, so that my team can earn 150 points. Once the snitch is caught, the team's seeker who catches it wins."

Usagi grinned, "its sounds like fun. I can't wait to see you play." Harry's face turned a deeper shade of red, ", you will be rooting for your home team." Usagi frowned, "Oh yea."

Harry nodded, "Draco is the Slytherins seeker." Usagi gapped, "Honto?!?! lie wonder you guys are at each others throat so much."

Harry frowned, "There are other reasons Usagi. We just have too many differences. Draco belittles everyone, and believes he is higher class. I can't stand him."

Usagi fell back into bed. "Oh." She pouted, as she stared up at the ceiling. Suddenly the door opened, and Madam Pomfrey walked in. "All right, you can go. Oh, its you."

Harry scrambled off the bed, his face red. "I was just leaving Madam Pomfrey. Well I'll see you later Usagi." He waved, and rushed out of the room, before Usagi could say anything.

Sighing, Usagi handed the nurse the icepack, and bowed to her, "Domo artigato Madam Pomfrey." She then turned, and left the hospital wing.

?????

Usagi stared at the number charts, in confusion. "Draco san I just don't understand." She wiped a strand of blonde hair from her forehead, and stared angrily at page.

Draco looked at the page she was on. "Of course you're not going to understand. Here." He flipped the pages back, and pointed at an example. "This is how you work with the number charts, and what they are used for. Now." he flipped back to the page she had been on.

"All you have to do is fill in the equations, with these numbers."

Usagi sighed, "I failed algebra, how am I going to understand Arithmancy?" Draco frowned, "Al-ge-bra? What is that?" Usagi stared at him shocked, "You don't know Algebra? Its one of the most expected classes in junior high."

Draco shook his head, "I never went to school, because I was taught at home with a tutor. And all I learned was everything I needed to know to become a great wizard." Usagi stared at him, with her eyebrows raised. "Is that all that everyone in this school cares about?"

The boy next to her frowned, "What do you mean?" The blonde girl sighed, sitting back. She was never going to understand the number charts, so she might as well not bother, at least for now. "Becoming a great wizard. Is it all that everyone wants to be?"

Draco shrugged, "Of course they do. I don't know about Potter, but most come here to become wizards and witches. That's why it's called Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry." He shut the book he had been reading, and looked at the girl next to him.

"Isn't that why you came here?" He looked her up and down, his eyes scrutinizing her. Usagi flushed, her heart skipping a beat. "lie. I didn't even know I was a witch until I got the invitation." She dropped her eyes to the book, which lay out on the table in front of her. Her brain was going to fry.

"I didn't even want to come here, I liked it where I was, I was normal for once." Usagi frowned, the last sentence had come out on its own, and sounded oddly familiar.

She sighed, trying to mask what she had said. "My Obason, said in order to find my future, I must understand the present, but to understand my present, I must know my past."

Draco frowned, "Your Obason, or whoever she is sounds like a know it all."

Usagi giggled, "She can sometimes. But she was right about one thing." Draco frowned, when the blonde didn't continue, "Right about what?"

The girl looked back up at him. "I've been able to do things, for a while now, that I never could explain to anyone, not even to myself.

"Obason had said that I would reach a point in my life, where these things I can do, wont be so easily to pass off as nothing."

Draco studied her carefully, "What kind of things?"

Usagi bit her bottom lip, and looked around the table. She grabbed a plain sheet of paper, and laid her arms down on the surface of the table. Glancing around to see if anyone was watching, she stated, "I would have done this earlier, but no one gave me a chance."

Before Draco could ask, Usagi swiped an edge of the paper across her skin, and she squeaked in pain.

Outraged, Draco shot up in his chair, "What the hell do you think your doing!?!?"

Madam Irma the librarian scowled, "Be quiet Mr. Malfoy, or will remove you from this library."

Draco scowled at the old woman, but promptly fell back into his seat, and looked at the blonde. In a hiss, he asked, "What are you trying to prove?"

Usagi gnawed on her bottom lip, "Watch." With her right hand, she placed it over the cut for barely half of a minute. Then carefully she removed her hand, and held it palm up.

Draco's eyes bulged, to find the paper cut gone. In the girl's palm, was a faint line of blood, which seeped back into her skin. "?" He looked up at her face, and nearly fell back in surprise.

On the girl's forehead, was a faint scar, which resembled the line made by the paper cut. But that wasn't what startled him the most. Beneath the scar, was an upturned golden crescent moon insignia. He stared at it in awe, till both faded away.

Intrigued, he reached out, and touched the smooth skin of her forehead. "But how?" Usagi pulled back, dropping her eyes to the table, "I know it's creepy. I learned about this a couple of years ago. I.I had fallen down an embankment, and dislocated my shoulder." She paused, as tears swarmed her eyes.

Why did she have to be so pathetic?

Inhaling sharply, she added barely above a whisper, "I was hurrying home, holding my shoulder. I didn't realize until I got home into my room, when I noticed what had attracted all the neighbors attention." She pointed to the spot where the mark had been, "When I got home, my shoulder was good as new, but." Pulling at the collar of her robes, she pulled it enough to expose her shoulder. A scar marred her flesh, "each time I use it, I'm left with a scar."

Usagi turned her arm over, to show where she had made the paper cut. A thin scar was still visible.

"No one knows, because I've been too afraid of what they might think." She didn't dare look at him.

Draco relaxed in his chair, "You know you've got nothing to worry about. You're a witch, it's a good enough explanation." Usagi shook her head, "iie, I read the books. Witches and Wizards need brooms and wands to do their work with."

Draco frowned, "What are you saying?"

Usagi shook her head, "Nothing. Lets get back to work. I need to understand some of this before classes next week."

Sorry I forgot to add this before. Hehe, pls forgive me. Well I'll get straight to the point. I'm loosing my train of thought for this story. So if you can, if there is something you want to happen, don't hesitate to tell me. I really appreciate it. Well here are the polls so far.

Harry/Usagi: 40 Wow, I knew you could do it Harry. Work that charm spell!!

Draco/Usagi: 37 What the hell happened Draco??? You were doing so well. Did you pick on Usagi again, and upset your fans??? Nice going you moron. You're supposed to be good, so you can get the girl, Duh!

Chapter eight: Tardy for the First Quidditch Game

October 31 came and went like it was another day. It wasn't celebrated like it was in the muggle world. No one understood about dressing up in costumes or going door-to-door trick or treating.

On Halloween, they went to their classes, learned new things, and went on their merry way. At dinner though, they threw a celebration, with live bats, which had scared the life out of Usagi when she walked into the Great Hall.

They had decorated nicely, with carved pumpkins, and glowing candles. They had hung streamers in the air, the colors orange and black.

The feast for dinner had been the best yet, but Usagi ultimately missed the trick or treating. She had tried to explain it to Professor McGonagall, and Professor Snape, but they had called it hogwash. She had even tried to tell some of the students, but they neither cared, nor listened.

She had learned though, that this Halloween had gone without fault, unlike when Harry and Draco had been first years.

Harry had told her, that a troll had been let loose in the school, and they had been the ones to go up against it, losing house points in the process.

It was early November now, and the days seemed to go by in a breeze, without too many complications. She was starting to get the hang of Charms, and Transfigurations class. But Arithmancy was as hard as ever, and Professor Snape still wouldn't give up on abusing her self-esteem.

Herbology, and History never changed from boring, while Astronomy was in a whole group of its own.

Glancing up at the clock, she noticed the time, and slapped her book shut. Tucking the book under her arm, and slipped her quill and

inkbottle into the pocket of her robes. Checking the clock again, she cursed herself for her tardiness.

She figured she would never quit being late, not with the way she was going through life. From the back of the library, she fast walked in the direction of the exit. The librarian seeing her, hissed, "Walk slowly."

Slowing only a fraction, she continued on, her heart thumping wildly in her chest. At seeing this, the librarian hissed again, "Slower."

Usagi scowled, slowing down once more, but again Madam Pince beckoned her to slow down, till she was taking baby steps towards the door.

The blonde sighed heavily, realizing that it would take her all the precious time she had left just to reach the library door. Not the least bit worried that she might be kicked out of the library for the rest of the year, she bolted forward.

With one hand she swung the door open hard enough for it to hit the wall behind it, and sprinted down the hallway, letting the library door slam shut behind her.

Racing down the halls, Usagi glanced at a clock she passed, and forced herself to run faster. Luna who had just exited Professor McGonagall's room, raced to catch up with the fleeing blonde.

"Usagi, what is it? Is there trouble?" Usagi shook her head, turned down a corner, and rushed to the stairs. She took the steps two by two, as she called out over her shoulder, "lie, I'm late for the first Quidditch game!"

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Usagi raced down to the Quidditch Pitch. It was already ten minutes into the game, and the fans were roaring for their team to win. Standing on the grass bellow the stands, Usagi panted, bent at the waist trying to regain her breath.

She glanced around the playing field, as she straightened, searching the players for Harry and Draco. She spotted the Gryffindors beaters Fred and George, and continued to look.

She was jolted at the shrill voice, on a loud speaker bellowing, "SLYTHERIN SCORE!" Trembling, she looked at one of the stands, and she spotted Lee Jordan of the Gryffindor house. He was doing the commentary for the match, but she realized he was using the Sonorus spell, not a microphone.

Turning her attention back to the game, she peered closer, at the teams. The Slytherins were dressed in the traditional green and silver, while the Gryffindors had red and gold.

Staring at the game, she could see that it was intense, but she couldn't keep up with it. There were so many rules, and so many balls that she just couldn't keep up.

Her hand flew to her mouth, when one of the Gryffindors players was hit over the head with the Bludger. Usagi had made herself remember that ball. She had checked out Quidditch Through the Ages a while back, and had learned of messy spills in the past, including Harry's.

Usagi caught her bottom lip between her teeth, as she continued to look. It was then; that something flew passed her face, making her yelp in surprise. She drew back, her heart slamming in her chest.

The thing that had frightened her, appeared back in front of her face, and she stared in awe. She remembered reading about this ball, and even remembered what Harry had told her in the hospital wing a month ago.

The golden snitch, with its wings flapping so fast, they were a blur to her eyes. It was frightening, yet exhilarating, to see it up so close.

Then it flew off, out into the game, and she watched it till it flew passed Harry's face, who caught wind of it. Her heart swelling, she rushed forward to the edge of the line, and shouted, "Go Harry!!!"

The boy on the broom flew after the snitch, chasing it all over the playing field. She watched him duck to dodge the Bludger, and burst forward after the snitch.

Her hand clutching the front of her robes, as she tried to keep her eyes on him.

"Tsukino why are you standing down here. Shouldn't you be in the stands where you belong?"

Usagi looked over to see Professor Snape moving to the stands. "Hai, gomen Professor Snape." Wanting to see all of the game, she hurried after him, to the stands for the Slytherin house. "GRIFFINDOR SCORE!!" Once in the stand, she pushed passed the Professor, and rushed to the front. She took a seat in the front row, and leaned over the edge of the box seats for the Slytherin house.

Professor Snape sat down next to her, and scowled at the way she was acting. "Draco look out!!!"

The white haired boy threw himself back; the back of his head brushing the tail of his broom as the Bludger flew passed him. When he sat up, he turned his eyes to the Slytherin house, and spotted Usagi.

Usagi jerked her arm out pointing at Harry, "The snitch!!"

Draco turned back to the game, and flew after Harry, who was right behind the snitch.

A hand clamped onto Usagi's arm, and jerked her back. The blonde fell back hard next to Professor Snape, who shot her a sour full gaze. "Will you be quiet?"

Usagi sighed, slumping slightly in her seat. She scowled out at the game, her mood dampened with Professor Snape sitting next her.

She watched as Harry burst off in one direction, with Draco right behind him. She clenched her fists, her heart thudding in her chest with excitement. "Come on, come on."

She gasped in surprise, to see Draco ram himself against Harry. She nearly leaped to her feet wanting to shout foul, but restrained herself. She was learning more and more about Slytherin, and the more she learned, the more she resented her own house.

"Miss Tsukino if I didn't know any better, I would almost say you were Cheering for Potter out there." Snape's voice dripped with venom, as his eyes glowered at her.

Usagi sat back down, keeping herself silent, as she watched the game. She narrowed her eyes, as she spotted the snitch by the Gryffindor post. Averting her eyes to Draco and Harry, she realized they were facing in the wrong direction.

She felt like screaming, but contained herself in her seat. She wasn't about to get a detention, just for a game.

Gnawing on her lip nervously, she glanced at the other players. The Slytherins beater smashed the Bludger across the field, and her heart flipped over with worry. Her eyes flew back to the seekers. Harry took off, flying towards the Gryffindors goal post.

Seeing him take off, Draco shot off after him, slowly catching up to him.

The Bludger sliced through the air, flying straight at the two seekers back. George and Fred Weasley flew after it, trying to block their seeker. Usagi leaped to her feet, heart dropping to her toes. Eyes widening in fear, the air from her lungs whooshed out, as she whispered, "lie."

Harry looked over his shoulder, his eyes widening. Draco was right behind him, and in line of the flying Bludger. His hands tightening on the broomstick, he jerked the broom to the left, and Draco came after him following him as he looked for the snitch.

The Bludger, without hesitating flew after them, and Harry gasped, his mind reeling back to the game in his second year. But this time, there was no Dobby.

The Bludger was gaining ground, so Harry picked up speed, but it seemed to fly even faster. Draco, who was right behind him, was getting closer and closer of being whacked in the back of the head by the ball.

Gritting his teeth, Harry muttered an oath beneath his breath, before he rammed, his broom into Draco's throwing the boy off balance.

The ball slammed into him sending all of his nerves into chaos of pain. His whole body went to flames, burning all over him. He had been unable to get out of the way in time. He cried out, his hands slipping from the handle of his broom, and he was flung forward.

At the last second, his arm shot out, grabbing the broom, but his head was spinning, and his fingers began to slip.

"HARRY!!!"

He heard voices shout his name, but they blurred with the screams around him.

Usagi hadn't known she had been screaming, until everyone around her looked at her in surprise. She caught her breath, tears flooding her eyes. How could they just stand there and watch a student slip to his death like that? Usagi having already been on her feet didn't hesitate to leap into action unlike everyone else. Her heart battering against her ribs as if it were a wild beast trapped in a cage, she gathered all the courage she could muster.

"Tsukino get back here!"

Snape's voice didn't, and couldn't penetrate the roaring of blood in her ears, as she climbed onto the ledge of the stands.

Someone screamed, as others let out startled gasps, as Usagi leaped off.

With speed no one, not even she could grasp, she dropped fifty feet to the field below. Her robes billowed out about her, and her golden pigtailed snapped at the air like whips. She landed with ease on the grassy field below, just as Harry grabbed a hold of his broom, and was hanging on for dear life. Without pause, she crouched down, and propelled herself up into the air like a rocket. She soared through the air; her arm stretched out at her sides, as she reached the peak of her jump, and began to fall gracefully.

Her arms slid back, hovering a good few inches from her sides. It was then, that Harry's hand slipped, and he started to plummet to the sixty feet drop, from where his broom had stopped.

She was almost there, when she threw her arms out, and caught him. His body slammed against her, throwing her back. She grunted, wincing as her body trembled from the force of the blow.

Clenching her teeth, she slipped her arms beneath him, cradling his body to her like he was a baby.

Closing her eyes, she concentrated. A golden crescent moon appeared on her forehead, and began to glow, just as she hit the ground.

The hard landing knocked her off her feet, and threw her back, and she lost her grip on Harry. They tumbled on the grass, rolling into a heap near the Gryffindor Goal post.

"Someone get a first aid!"

"Quick go get the stretchers."

"We need to get them into the hospital wing now!"

"Usagi!!!!"

Snap!

Click!

"Get that camera out of here!"

?????

She never felt so dizzy in her life. It was as if the whole room swam before her eyes, like she was under water.

She rolled her head, groaning, while she shut her eyes to block out the spinning room. Her body cried out, aching all over. Her blood burned, but her skin was clammy to the touch.

"Now, now, don't try to move too much Miss, you'll only make it worst."

The voice was familiar, and taking a chance to open her eyes again, she found someone standing over her. The young woman was tiny; everything about her was tiny except for the nose she had which seemed out of proportion with her face. Her blonde curls were pulled back by a little hat with a red cross on it.

Turning her eyes back onto the room, she recognized the plain walls, and plain floor. The room had a high ceiling, and little windows. Beds lined up and down the walls, with cabinets stuffed with first aids, and bottles.

"happened?"

Her voice came out barely a whisper, and it only succeeded on making her more nauseous.

Madam Pomfrey pulled the wet washcloth from her forehead. "Now, now Miss, you need your rest, you had a nasty spill at the Quidditch game."

Her head began to throb, and her hand flew to her forehead, as if to stop it from spreading. "A nasty spill?"

Things were unclear; her mind felt foggy, as if something was blocking her from remembering.

The nurse nodded, "Yes, yes. It might not come in clear in that brain of yours. This potion of Professor Sprouts is our strongest anesthetic."

Usagi rolled her head to the side, to look at the nurse, with clouded eyes. She felt so sleepy. " long." she had to pause, to stop the rising bile within her throat. "How long, have I been here?"

Madam Pomfrey placed a hot washcloth on Usagi's forehead, and she felt it warm her skin some.

The nurse replied, "Three days dear. But don't worry; Miss Granger, and Mr. Weasley are getting all of your notes, and homework for each class.

Now you get some rest dear. You should be much better tomorrow."

Just as the woman said it, Usagi felt her eyes droop, and she could feel herself slipping away. She tried to fight it, but it was a losing battle.

She soon found herself in a dreamless sleep.

?????

"Do you think she's going to be okay?"

"I donno. She fell like what fifty feet?"

There was a pause, and a familiar voice replied, "Yea, but Harry's okay."

A voice, which sounded deeply concerned replied, "I know, but she did block his fall. What do you think happened? I mean its strange another rouge ball?"

The first voice replied, sounding clearly feminine, "It is strange. But if I remember right, Usagi saw it happened before any of us did."

The second voice replied, sounding eerily familiar, "What do you mean?"

The first voice answered thoughtfully, "She had leaped off those stands even before Harry had been hit with the Bludger. Do you think she might have been controlling it?"

The second voice scoffed, "You have to be joking! Usagi? Control a Bludger? Hermione I think you've finally gone off the deep end. Usagi can't even use her wand yet!"

Annoyed, the first voice shot hotly, "Be quiet, you're going to get us caught."

Then suddenly a third voice spoke up, "Haven't you guys learned from your mistakes. You're going to get us all in trouble."

There was a long pause, "Harry, what are you doing, get back in bed. Madam Pomfrey would have a hippogriff if she saw you walking about."

The third voice replied, "And she would murder us all if she caught you two in here. What are you doing here Ron, Hermione?"

Usagi's eyes snapped open, when she recognized the names. Her brows drew together, as she waited for them to talk.

Finally Hermione said, "We're worried. Usagi's and you have been here for four days. Professor Dumbledore all but told us to use the invincibility cloak to sneak down here, when we talked to him at lunch."

There was a long sigh from somewhere far off in the room, "I'm all right, really. Just tired is all. Usagi seems to be okay, she woke up yesterday around dinner time, but went back to sleep."

Suddenly they were interrupted by the sound of footsteps. "Hurry hide!"

Then the room was swallowed in silence. Usagi closed her eyes, trying to calm her breathing to pretend she was asleep.

The door to the room opened, and shut as someone entered the room. Usagi felt her heart leap to her throat, and start to pulse.

"Usagi?"

Her eyes instinctively snapped open. "Usagi are you awake?" Something jumped up onto the bed, and prodded her with two small paws. "Usagi please wake up I must speak with you."

Usagi blinked, trying to look as if she had just woken up. "Luna?"

She looked over her shoulder, to see the cat's shadow thrown across the wall. "Yes Usagi it's me. I need to speak with you."

"What is it?"

She rolled onto her back, and half wondered if Hermione and Ron had left yet. "What's wrong Luna?"

She struggled to sit up, but the pain in her side made her stop. She decided she would have to just lie there. Luna jumped up onto her stomach, and sat down.

"Usagi I have grave news. I wasn't supposed to tell you this, or anything I'm about to tell you."

Usagi frowned, narrowing her eyes through the darkness, trying to see if anyone was hiding in the shadows. "What is it Luna?" She looked back at the cat, giving up on trying to see through the dark. "What can't you tell me?"

The black cat sighed deeply, and she drooped her head slightly. "It's about that Quidditch game. That Bludger was rigged."

The blonde nodded, as she reached up smoothing a hand through her messy hair. "I figured that much." She rubbed her head, trying to work the memory of the game out. She remembered bits and pieces,

but most of it was haywire, and she couldn't tell if it was real, or from some dream.

Had she really jumped off the stands, and magically jumped fifty feet into the air? Of course it had to have been, for she had done it several times before when she was in England. Had passed the long jump, and high jump because of it.

Luna pressed two paws onto Usagi's chest, digging her claws into the robes. "Listen carefully Usagi. You wont agree with me, but that ball wasn't made for Mr. Potter, or Mr. Malfoy. It was meant for you."

Usagi scowled, clearing her mind of her straying thoughts, "For me? But I was in the stands Luna, how could it have been for me?"

Luna sighed, working up the courage, and the words to say it. "That Bludger was meant to bring you out. It was a rouge ball; someone in the stands was controlling it. They knew, because of your past, you wouldn't let one of the players fall to their death."

She paled, feeling all the heat in her face drain to her toes, as she stared at the black cat. "Someone was controlling it?"

Luna nodded, "Yes Usagi. Now because you saved Mr. Potter's life, they know who you are."

Usagi swallowed, "Whose they?" The black cat sighed heavily, "That Usagi, you have to figure out on your own."

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All right here's my next chapter. The chapter after this one might take a while, since I'm a little stuck on it. Well I hoped you enjoyed it (thank you very much for all the great reviews. Here are the polls so far.

Harry/Usagi: 44. Boy and here I thought he had a chance. Oh well.

Draco/Usagi: 51. Kicken ass again Draco!!!! Woot, I knew you had it in you. Hehe. Strut your stuff. Hehe

Okay, I have a few things I want to say, before I go on my five-day vacation.

Chibi Chibi, thank you soooooooooo much!!!!!! Argh, I must have read it wrong, when I looked it up. It is Prefects, hehe. My bad. Oh well, I'll make it that way from now on, hopefully I'll remember. Thank you so much!!!

Ooops, tyvm Fan, I just saw your review. Yes, I just realized it, when I looked it up. I feel soooooo stupid, oh well, wouldn't be the first time. I shall have it Prefects from now on. Thanks a bunch.

Thanks a lot for all of the great reviews. It makes me happy, considering this is my first HP/SM crossover, and surely not my last since I started two more stories. Hehe.

Anywho, tell me which do you prefer, Usagi/Snape, or Usagi/Sirius? Well tata for now, ttyl. LP

Chapter nine: Will You Stop Talking in Riddles!

"Aw Miss Tsukino how are you feeling, today?" Usagi opened her eyes to find Madam Pomfrey looming over her, and removing the washcloth from her forehead.

She hadn't remembered falling asleep after her talk with Luna, but by judging the light through the window she had.

She yawned, feeling completely relaxed, and exhilarated. "I'm feeling much better, artigato Madam Pomfrey." She sat up, and stretched her arms up over her head, and yawned again. It felt great to really move.

Glancing over at the bed next to hers, she found it empty. As if sensing her question, Madam Pomfrey answered, before she could even ask it, "Mr. Potter was feeling better yesterday, and went to his classes this morning."

Usagi nodded, but she asked suddenly, "Can I get out of bed today?"

The short woman looked the blonde girl over carefully, as if assessing her. "I guess, but you're not going to your classes until tomorrow." Usagi nodded, "Okay, but can I go down to the great hall?"

Madam Pomfrey shook her head; "I'd rather you didn't, at least not without someone with you."

The blonde swung her legs over the edge of the bed, and the nurse stepped back to give her room. "Now take it easy. You need to let your legs adjust."

Usagi nodded, sliding from the bed, and planted her feet firmly on the floor. She wiggled her toes, and put her weight on both her legs.

She had been in bed for a week, and already her legs felt mushy, and useless. "I'll be careful, please, I'm really hungry, and I want to get better quickly."

She looked up at the nurse pleadingly. Madam Pomfrey relented, "All right Miss. Tsukino, but I want you to take it easy, you hear me."

Usagi nodded, and staggered forward. She felt like she had just gotten off a ride at a carnival. The room slightly spun, and it took everything she had to stay on her feet. She reached the door, taking small steps, one at a time.

"Miss. Tsukino, I'd rather have someone accompany you down to the Great Hall." Usagi waved her hand, and replied steadily, "I'm all right, Madam Pomfrey. I can do it."

The nurse shook her head, as the blonde haired girl slipped from the room. Usagi started down the hallway, letting it lead her down to the great hall.

It was around noon now, and students had already taken their seat at their assigned tables. Usagi stiffly made her way into the vast room. With the doors shutting behind her, Usagi was greeted with silence, as the whole room went quiet.

The blonde flushed, unsure what she should do.

Professor Dumbledore, upon seeing her arrival, stood, pushing his chair back. "Welcome back Miss Tsukino. Why don't you take a seat, so that we may begin to eat?" Usagi looked at him, and nodded quickly.

She hurried to the Slytherin table, and took a seat near the end. It wasn't until she had sat down, did the voices begin to stir, and whispering began.

She flushed, overhearing two Slytherin girls whispering to each other about her. When she had jumped from the Slytherin box, she hadn't thought of the consequences, and here she was paying for her stupidity.

Usagi was pulled from her thoughts, when two figures dropped onto the bench, one on each side of her. Her eyes widen, when she recognized Crabbe and Goyle. What could she have done now?

She lifted her eyes to the person sitting across from her. Usually she had the end of the table to herself, and had enough room to pile books around her, to do her homework. But not today.

"Draco san?"

The white haired boy gruffly nodded, as he spooned a spoon full of noodles onto his plate. "Eat up first year, we have a lot of work to catch up on." Usagi gapped at him, "You still want to be my tutor?"

Draco stared at her strangely, "Why not?" His eyes looked her up and down, "You have a problem with that, first year?"

Both Crabbe and Goyle nudged her in the side, as if daring her to say yes. Usagi shook her head, "iie Draco san. I just figured you wouldn't want to be around me." she trailed off, letting her voice drift off into the mingle of conversations around her.

Draco turned his gaze to his plate, and he replied, "Well its not like I have a choice. Professor Snape asked me to tutor you, so I'm going to tutor you. End of discussion."

Usagi frowned, suddenly not hungry anymore. So he only hung out with her, because he was obligated to. She sighed, and pushed her plate away, "I think I lost my appetite. I'll meet you in the library Malfoy san."

She stood, leaving the Slytherin table behind her. She didn't look back, not once, not even after she left the Great Hall.

Usagi moved down the hallway, heading back to the infirmary, suddenly remembering, she had to get back, before Madam Pomfrey had a hippogriff, or whatever that was.

She paused outside a doorway, when she heard hushed voices inside the small office. She would have walked on, if she hadn't happened to overhear the two teacher's conversation.

"Severus, we may not see eye to eye, but this is important. More important than some Quidditch match."

The second person hissed, "I'm not worried, I'm sure they will show up sooner or later. Probably some prank they're pulling."

The first voice, which Usagi realized after taking a look into the office, was Professor McGonagall. The witch replied, "Severus, three students have gone missing! This is not some prank. First Miss Parkinson, then Miss Abbott from Hufflepuff. Miss Parkinson was of your house, a fifth year too, and you don't seem to be the slightest worried."

Usagi peered in through the door. Severus Snape? Usagi couldn't help but think the name suited the mean potion teacher.

Professor McGonagall sighed irritably, "Miss Parkinson was taken in September, a month later, Miss Abbotts went missing. Both held a sign of struggle in their common rooms. And during the Quidditch game, one of the first years from Ravenclaw went missing. The one with blonde hair."

The old witch sighed, as if trying to picture a girl with blonde hair in her mind, and place a name with the face. Snape replied, "Miss Gilbert?"

Professor McGonagall nodded, "Yes, yes, her. She stayed in her room during the game. And when the other first years went to bed after the hassle with Tsukino, they found their common room destroyed." She sighed; her age slowly seemed to settle in her brittle bones. "It's almost like it was when the Chamber of Secrets had been opened three years ago. But, but this time."

Snape shook his head, and began to pace. "Have you talked to Dumbledore about this?" McGonagall nodded, "Yes. He's supposed to put the students on alert at lunch."

The greasy haired man shook his head, "No, there something we've missed." Her interest caught, the old woman asked, "What is that Severus? What could we have missed; students are disappearing without a trace. Those three students haven't been seen since their disappearance."

Snape looked at McGonagall, and answered in an utterly calm voice, "Yes, but only the female students have been being attacked. Those three girls have certain attributes in common."

Professor McGonagall frowned, "What do you mean?"

Snape sighed, his patients wearing thin. "Don't tell me, none of you considered the pattern. When the Chamber of Secrets was open, muggle born wizards were attacked." He paused, his eyes suddenly moving to the doorway. The black orbs narrowed, as he saw a flash of blonde hair.

He continued, "This time, only witches are being attacked. Its not a certain year, or a particular house, but the gender."

McGonagall frowned, "But why?"

Professor Snape answered, "There has to be more of a connection between the girls. If we find it, then we might find out why they were attacked."

Usagi pulled back from the doorway slightly, her heart pounding. Students were being kidnapped?

As she turned to leave for the infirmary, she heard McGonagall's hysterical voice bounce off the walls behind her. "But we don't have time! From Parkinson to Abbots was over a month. But it was only weeks between Abbots and Gilbert."

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Usagi couldn't shake off the feeling of dread, which had settled into her heart after hearing Snape and McGonagall's conversation. Students were being kidnapped, and not only that, but girls.

She sucked in a deep breath, and held it in for a long time. Why were girls being kidnapped? And what was this about the Chamber of Secrets? Needing to breath, she let the air tumble over her lips, leaving her breathless.

"Hey Usagi."

Usagi looked over to see Harry slip into the room with Ron. "Hey Harry san, Ron san." The dread faded slightly, but it was still there, waiting to send her back into a panic attack.

Harry glanced around the infirmary, before he stated quickly, "Ron and I came by to see how you were doing. Also, we wanted to tell you to be careful. Professor Dumbledore wants all of us to be on alert, of someone kidnapping students."

Ron nodded, his red hair flopping about his face, "Yea. Quite scary eh Harry?" The brown haired boy nodded, "Yea."

Usagi looked from one to the other, as Ron nudged Harry playfully. Harry smirked, a crooked smile playing on his face, as he dropped his eyes to the floor. Usagi felt the fear in her heart leap to her throat, and she wanted to blurt out what she had overheard. She opened her mouth; ready to spill the beans.

Before she could utter a word, she clamped her mouth shut, her teeth clinking together. How could she tell them? How could she tell them how dangerous Hogwarts had really become?

But they had a right to know, to be on guard. If they knew, they could help her prevent it from happening again.

Harry and Ron looked at Usagi, as she imitated a fish out of water. Her mouth opened, as if she was going to say something, but then she would shut it, as if stopping herself from telling them something.

Worried, Harry asked, "Are you okay Usagi?"

The blonde flushed, and she blurted out, "I'm fine, feeling much better now. Madam Pomfrey says I can go back to school tomorrow. I almost can't wait." She plastered on a smile, that neither Harry, nor Ron, noticed the falseness of it.

Harry chuckled, shaking his head. "Well we have to go to Divinations. See you tomorrow then. Bye Usagi."

Usagi flashed him a grin, "Ja ne Harry san." Ron followed his friend, and mocked a salute to the blonde, before he left the room in a hurry.

When they left, Usagi cursed herself for not telling them. She ducked her head, as she lifted herself up onto the bed. "I guess I should tell Luna. Maybe she would know what to do." She caught her bottom lip between her teeth, and narrowed her eyes, as she stared at her feet.

"Poor, poor first year. Troubled, Troubled first year."

Usagi's head snapped up, and she gasped, her eyes widening. The poltergeist insane laughter filled the empty room. Where was Madam Pomfrey when you needed her most?

"Poor, poor first year. Troubled, Troubled first year."

She stumbled back, and fell onto the bed. Her eyes frantically searched the infirmary room, for the floating Peeves, but there was no sign of him. Wrinkling her face, she hissed, "Where are you Peeves?"

The same laughter was her reply. She really hated his laugh; it sent chills down her spine. "Poor, poor first year."

Usagi scowled, even though her heart was pumping like a frightened rabbit caught by a fox. Blood rushed to her ears, and she could barely make out his taunting voice over the roar.

She saw something move in the corner of her eyes. She jerked her head in that direction, and watched as a cupboard opened. A box of medical supplies was pulled out.

"Peeves what are you doing?" A cold icy grip grabbed her by the neck, and squeezed. He was going to get her into trouble.

"Peeves please, don't. What do you want?" Tears pooled into her eyes. All she wanted was to get through school, to pass all her classes, and make it to the next year, without fault.

"Troubled, troubled first year."

She sniffled, as the tears fell from her eyes, without her noticing. She was such a baby, crying over something so stupid.

"They're coming for you."

The change in his tone, made the blonde look up. Peeves floated in front of her, and held the box of medical supplies in his hands.

"Nani?"

Peeves grinned, his face twisted into a horrendous sneer. He then chanted in a singsong voice "Poor, poor first year. You shall take the blame. Troubled, troubled first year. They are all the same."

Usagi stood, on wobbly legs, "What do you mean?"

The poltergeist scowled, and rolled his eyes at her. "Shame, shame, you don't pay attention."

Usagi sighed, anger seizing her suddenly, "Will you stop talking in riddles!" She yelped in surprise, as the poltergeist seized her by the front of her robes, and raised her in the air.

"Poor, poor first year, you shall take the blame." Usagi paled, as Peeve's sneer darkened his face. He stared into her eyes, with a dangerous hint of hatred towards her.

"Troubled, troubled first year, they are all the same." He crackled with glee, as he brought her face inches from his. She gasped, her eyes widening in fear.

"Because it is you, is why they came." Usagi felt all the blood drain from her body. They? The ones Luna told her about?

"PEEVES!!!!"

The poltergeist frowned, his eyes narrowing for a brief second. He shook his head, as laughter erupted from deep within his throat. He threw her foreword, and she let out a yell of surprise.

She landed on the bed with a bounce, and was propelled over the edge, hitting the floor roughly. She gasped, the pain spreading though her body like a wild fire. She jerked back, hitting her head against the floor, as Peeves dropped down on her.

She inhaled sharply, as he leaned down, and whispered, "They're coming for you." He burst into laughter, his body slowly fading.

His laughter echoed through the infirmary, as the poltergeist hightailed it out of there.

Someone came around the bed, and knelt down next to her. "Did he hurt you?"

She looked over to find Draco hovering over her. His face was twisted into a scowl of annoyance. "I didn't see you in the common room, or the library. So I came here." He sounded as if he needed to explain himself for being there.

He grabbed her arm, and helped her to her feet. "The common room? Why would I be there? Madam Pomfrey wanted me to come back to the infirmary after I ate." She turned to look at him, and shook off his arm. "You told me to meet you in the library, why would I have been in the common room?"

The pale face boy frowned slightly, as he pulled back from her. "You left the Great Hall in a pissed-off mood. So I figured you wouldn't go to the library. I didn't think of the infirmary till I checked both the common room, and the library."

Usagi dusted off her robes, and fell onto the bed with relief. "Artigato."

Draco shrugged it off, as he scanned the room, "Why was Peeves harassing you? I've never seen him do that to a student before."

Usagi shuddered, as she recollected the hatred in his eyes. "I don't think he likes me too well." She hugged her arms over her chest. "He kept talking in riddles."

Draco glanced at her, a frown darkening his face. "Do you remember what he said?" Usagi thought over it for a second. Even though she could remember most of it, she answered, "lie, I cant."

She ducked her head, to better mask her lying eyes. She had been told, that her eyes were the windows of her soul, and she was afraid to let Draco see them now.

Draco nodded, as he stalked towards the door. "You're way behind in your classes. Expect that tomorrow we will be working extra hard to get you caught up." He glanced over his shoulder briefly, as he left the room.

Usagi sighed long and deep. Was Peeves trying to warn her about something, or was he trying to threaten her? 'Because it is you, is why they came.'

"But who are they?"

'They're coming for you.'

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All right, another chapter done. I was able to do it while I was off on the road trip, so be happy I brought my computer along with me. Hehe. I hope you enjoyed it, cause I know I did. I sure did make Peeves into a jackass huh. Oh well, time will tell why he is such jerk.

Anyway, just want to say, thank you for all the reviews I received. And here are the polls.

Harry/Usagi: 47

Draco/Usagi: 60

Well I think that is all I have to say. Except that, the next story I'm writing, Bunny Moon, and the Philosopher Stone, well which ever guy wins in this one, I will put Bunny/Usagi with the other guy in the other story.

If you want to know what Bunny Moon and the Philosopher Stone is about, just ask, and I'll be happy to give you an early summery.

Well tata for now. Ttyl. LP

Chapter ten: Snowball Duel

Usagi sat in front of the common room fire, rubbing her hands. She was trying to warm her body, as she did her homework in the freezing room, but was failing to do both.

It was nearly Christmas now, and Usagi couldn't wait. Setsuna had written her an owl, and said she was going to come by on winter break, to speak with her. It was quite exciting. All the professors had decorated the corridors, and the Great Hall, with tall trees, mistletoes, wreathes, and lights.

It had been around mid December, when they had gotten their first sign of snow, and then during the night, there had been several feet. The school looked wonderful, with the lake frozen, and the grounds white with snow. Even the forbidden forest looked exquisite.

There had only been one more attack, since she had overheard Snape, and McGonagall conversation. A Ravenclaw girl had went missing. She had been in the bathroom, alone. And like with the others, the bathroom, had been found destroyed, and heavy dark magic still lingered.

Professor Dumbledore had called an alert. No girl, was to go unaccompanied anywhere, without an escort. And so here she was, sitting by the fire, with Draco Malfoy glowering at her.

"Are you getting you homework done?" She sighed, glancing over her shoulder at him. "I will. It just hard to get anything done, when it's so cold."

The white haired boy rolled his eyes, "You're just being a baby."

Draco had been true to his word. The day she got out of the infirmary, she found herself in the library during all of her spare time. And Draco hounded her till she finished all of her work that she had missed, before the break came.

"Why do I have to work on this now? I have all break?" Just a few more days, and then she would have two weeks of no classes.

Draco stood from one of the comfy armchairs, and crossed the room. "Because I won't be here over break, so I won't be here to help you."

Usagi sighed, that was one of the downsides of the two weeks off. Most of the kids were leaving, to be with their families. That included Shingo, who wanted to visit his friends back home. Draco was going home to his family. Hermione was going home, and so were Ron, and his funny brothers George and Fred. Ginny had decided to go to, which left Usagi with no one.

This is, if you didn't count Harry Potter.

She sighed inwardly, and flipped through the pages of her book. Two weeks with Harry Potter, and the Professors.

"I don't see you working."

Usagi shot Draco a heated gaze, "Well I don't see you doing your work either!" He smirked, his eyes sparkling with mirth, "Because I've already finished my homework."

The blonde groaned, dropped her head into her hands. "My brain hurts! I can't think straight when there's snow outside!" She slipped on her best pout, "I've been working hard all month. Don't I deserve at least one hour off?"

She looked up at him through her long bangs. Her lips were formed into a pout, and she pouted on the puppy dog eyes.

Draco scowled, "What is that look for?" He looked almost revolted by it. Usagi sighed exasperated, as she dropped the charade. "Kami what is wrong with you? I'm practically begging here, and you still won't let me?"

Her eyes filled with tears, "You're so mean!"

Draco's eyes widen, as the blonde haired girl in front of him, broke into pitiful tears and began to sob.

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It was Sunday, the 21st of December. And even though there was several feet of snow, freshly fallen, it still felt like every other day to him. Ever since the Quidditch game, which they had won, he had to play bodyguard. And if he was unable to keep an eye on her, he had to send someone else to take his place.

It was two more days till the end of the term, and she insisted on taking a break.

Crossing his arms over his chest, he felt a chill run down his spine. Snow was beginning to fall again, and the temperature had to be at least forty below. He was freezing, even though he wore his robes, and his winter robes over them. He'd rather be inside tutoring her, then out here playing bodyguard.

He kept his eyes on her, as he leaned against the Hogwart's walls. She was several yards from him, kneeling on the ground. The snow around her had been formed into three balls, one smaller than the other.

He frowned, as she struggled to lift the middle size ball onto the largest one. He shook his head; she really was a ditz.

Pulling out his wand, he flicked it across, as he muttered, "Wingardium Leviosa." The blonde let out a startled yelp, and fell back in surprise. The snowball was floating in the air where she had been struggling to hold it.

He watched her look over at him, and a bright smile lit her face. It added to the effect of her rosy cheeks, and bright red nose. She was soaking wet from sitting in the snow, and shivering from the icy wind that brushed against her.

It was hard to believe, that an hour ago, he had made her cry. It was his first real time he ever remembered seeing her cry like that. When she had started to cry, he wasn't sure what he should do. He figured she was crying from the hard work he was pushing her through, and decided he was giving in just this once.

Now he was really regretting that decision.

"Domo artigato Draco san!"

Draco looked at her sharply, and wondered what happened to her calling him Malfoy. Ever since in the Great Hall after the incident at the Quidditch game, she had called him Malfoy. And he had found himself wanting her to call him Draco again. She was the only one, not even his friends dared to call him by his first name.

He must have lost his concentration, on the simple spell he cast on the rather large snowball, because suddenly he heard Usagi shriek, and then there was a loud thump. Looking up from the ground, he snorted, as laughter tried to burst from deep within his throat.

The large snowball must have been too much for him to levitate, and be distracted at the same time. Shaking his head, he pushed himself from the wall, and jogged towards the fallen girl.

He figured, she must have been trying to move the snowball, when it had fallen, and it had landed on her. He reached her, just as she sat up, covered from the waist down in snow.

"You did that on purpose, didn't you!" Before he could even blink, she picked up a palm size snowball, and chucked it at him. The blonde girl on the ground, burst into hysterical laughter. The snowball had pelted him right in the face.

Reaching up, Draco swiped his hand across his face, and the remnants of the snow fell off. He wasn't too happy, and the glower on his face was proof enough.

The blonde jumped to her feet, her robes clinging to her shivering form. She had a playful grin on her face. Without warning, he swooped down, and collected two handfuls of snow, before he stood back up.

He watched with pleasure, as horror filled her eyes. "Two words first year." He watched her face closely. She was breathing heavily from the cold, and her nose and cheeks were rosy red. "Payback time."

Usagi let out a little Eep, before she took off running. He chuckled, unable to hold it in, as he watched her burst off into a sprint. He muttered below his breath, as he took off after her, "Ready or not, here I come."

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Luna shook her head, as she pulled back from the window. "First time I've seen her have fun since the beginning of school."

The woman leaning against the wall, bathed in shadows nodded her agreement. "Hai I agree. I am greatly pleased to see her working very hard."

The black cat jumped down from the windowsill, and nodded gravely. "So am I, but sometimes I think she is working too hard."

The woman shook her head, "She needs all the training she can get." The cat looked up at the lengthy young woman. She tilted her head slightly. "When will you be arriving?"

The woman pushed herself from the wall, and moved to the window. She kept to the shadows, as she peered out through the thick glass. "I'll be here in two days Luna. I will talk with Usagi, but I will be unable to answer any questions she will ask."

Luna sighed, "Why? What are you keeping from her, and from me? She has a right to know."

The woman nodded, as she pulled back from the window. "Hai I know. But she will find the answers on her own. If she really wants to know, then she will look for them." The black cat scowled, "Dammit Setsuna. There are girls disappearing."

Setsuna chuckled softly, as she crouched down. "I believe Peeves has already sent the message I asked him to. I was worried that he wouldn't, but I have noticed Usagi is more anxious then ever."

Luna shook her head, "Usagi didn't tell me anything about a message. Are you sure he gave her one?" The young woman raised a delicate eyebrow, "Do you actually guess my judgment Luna? I may not see the future, but I can see the past and present clearly."

She stood, and started across the room. "I will be back in two days. I will tell Usagi the key to the riddle Peeves gave her, and then it is up to her to figure out the rest."

Luna turned, ready to object, but the senshi of time was already gone. She sighed, dropping her head, "When will she ever get a break?"

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Usagi entered the Great Hall only a few minutes late for dinner. She was bent at the waist, her palms resting on her knees. She was soaking wet, and cold all the way to her bones. Draco entered with her, and just as wet as she, if not her, a little more than he was.

She held a sheepish grin on her face, as she looked up through her golden bangs, which were plastered to her forehead.

Everyone turned to look, and found Usagi and Draco leaning against each other, trying to catch their breath. Both blondes were laughing, and soaked to the bone from the snow.

They had spent the whole day out in the snow, playing tag, making snowmen, and snow angels.

As if sensing eyes on them, the two turned to look at the Great Hall. Usagi instantly went red in the face, and she fell silent. Draco on the other hand, was able to hide the pink from his cheeks, and instantly frowned.

"What are all of you staring at?"

Dumbledore didn't stand, but motioned them to come to the High Table. Draco and Usagi moved towards the table, and stood before all the teachers, and students.

"I see that you two were finally able to join us. But may I ask, what you two found so funny?" His lips uplifted into a half smile, and he looked as if he was struggling to keep back a glowing smile.

Usagi still flushed in the face, replied loud enough for only the headmaster to hear, "Draco san stuffed a snowball down my robes." Her face went even redder, when Dumbledore asked with interest, "And why did he do that Miss Tsukino?"

Staring at her feet, she tried to find the best way to answer the simple question. "Well, because. Because I."

Draco smirked, as he replied slyly, "It is a long story, but if you really want to know, I do not mind telling." He slipped a glance to the blonde next to him.

"It started like this, I was helping Tsukino here, with her snowman. I used a levitation spell, to lift one of the large snowballs, because she was unable to carry it. I accidentally, dropped it, and it landed on her."

Usagi scowled, "You did not! You did it on purpose!" She wrinkled her nose in disdain, "So I pelted him in the face with a snowball."

Professor Dumbledore itched to smile "Really? Then what?"

Usagi shot Draco a heated glare, "He threatened me. And then chased me around the grounds, throwing snowballs at me." She sighed, as she looked at all the teachers. Professor Flitwick, Hagrid and Professor Sprout seemed to be enjoying the story. Professor McGonagall was having a hard time trying to keep a straight face.

Draco then added with an angry growl, "And then you tricked me, into thinking you were calling a truce. But in fact." Usagi went red all over, "I was just getting you back. You hit me with ten snowballs." She pointed at her back, "I'm going to have a nasty bruise because of you."

Dumbledore chuckled, "It seems you two enjoyed your day quite well. Why don't you skip ahead, and tell us why he put a snowball down your robes."

Usagi smirked, "Well it would be because." Draco slapped a hand over her mouth and hissed into her ear, "He doesn't need to know." Usagi jerked his hand back from her lips, "Of course he does. And so do the other teachers."

Draco shook his head menacingly, but Usagi continued anyway. "Well I called a truce, and he stopped throwing snowballs. It just so happens, that he stood beneath a tree, covered in snow." She nudged him in the side.

"I used the Incendio spell, on the tree. But don't worry, before it could catch fire, all the snow had melted." Dumbledore looked over at Draco. "Would that be why Draco is all wet?" The corner of his mouth lifted, into a smile.

Usagi flushed, "Well sort of. Some of it got him, but he." Draco shook his head, "I was able to use the Impervius spell. The rest of the water bounced off me, and onto her."

Usagi couldn't help but grin. She started giggling, as the event played out in her mind, but soon she found herself laughing so hard that everyone in the Hall stopped eating again to look at her.

"Oh you should have been there!" Draco smirked, but was able to keep himself from laughing like before. Dumbledore shook his head with mirth, "Very well. Twenty points to Slytherin for spells well cast."

Usagi stopped laughing, as she blinked in surprise, "Seriously?"

The old man nodded his head, as he replied, "Yes. You two passed a dueling match, without harming the other."

Usagi squealed with delight, and threw herself across the table, to hug the headmaster. "Domo artigato!"

Dumbledore chuckled, "You're welcome. Now why don't you two take a seat, and enjoy your feast."

Usagi nodded, and pulled back, not even noticing, that she had soaked the headmaster by hugging him. "Come on Draco kun, lets eat, I could almost eat a hippogriff."

Draco raised an eyebrow at her, as he followed her to the table. "Do you even know what a hippogriff is?" The blonde shook her head, "Nope, not a clue."

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Yawning, Usagi left the Great Hall, after they were dismissed. Stretching her arms out in front of her, she yawned again. A day of playing had really worn her out.

She trudged along behind Draco, as he led them to their common room down near the dungeon. "Draco kun?"

He hesitated at the turn of the corridor, and glanced over his shoulder. "Yea?"

Usagi quickened her pace to match his, "What do you want for Christmas?" The white haired boy stared at her oddly, "Why do you want to know?"

She yawned again, covering her mouth with her hand. "lie reason. Just curious." Draco paused near the entrance of their common room. He muttered the password, and let the other Slytherins enter before him. "I never really thought about it."

Usagi watched as everyone from their house went their separate ways boys with boys, girls with girls, fifth years with fifth years. "Oh. So you don't have anything special in mind?"

The last student entered, but he made no move to follow. Draco slowly turned to look at her, "Why are you being so nosy suddenly?"

Usagi flushed, "I, well never mind!" She scowled stalking into the common room, "You're such a bakayaro!" She stalked to her room, and slammed the door shut behind her. Silently, but still steaming, she moved to her bed. Falling onto it, she landed on her back, and stared up at the ceiling. "He's so frustrating." She rolled onto her side, as Luna leaped up onto the bed. "Rough day?"

Usagi frowned at the black cat, "You have no idea." She sighed, relaxing slightly on the bed. "He's nice one minute, and a bakayaro the next. What an enigma."

She groaned, closing her eyes. "I give up. G-night Luna." The cat shook her head, as she curled up against the blonde on the bed.

"Night Usagi."

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All right another chapter. This one goes out to all of you Draco/Usagi fans. It's a little short, and a little quick, but I felt like putting it in. I believe the next chapter will be for all of you Harry/Usagi fans. I'm still looking for couples, not sure which one yet. But within the next few chapters I will know. Hehe so you better put in all your votes, for the next chapters are the final ones, and I will have the couple, hopefully.

Polls

Harry/Usagi: 64 there are all of you Harry/Usagi fans. I knew you were out there somewhere.

Draco/Usagi: 68 hmmm this last chapter was a lot of fun. Hehe I better get going Draco, or I might make a chap dedicated to Harry/Usagi.

Okay, as for the English understanding the Japanese. They really don't understand, but she says things mostly in English, but a few words come out easier in Japanese. Sorry about this. I'm just used to writing Gomen lie and Hai in my other stories that I didn't even think about it in the story. Hope none of you mind.

Ttyl LP signing out

Chapter eleven: A Scar Like Mine

Usagi didn't feel like waving everyone off, so she stayed in bed on December 23, as all the students left to board the Hogwarts express. She lay there, till boredom seeped into her bones, and hunger made her stomach growl.

Sitting up, she threw off her blankets, and stumbled out of her bed. Luna had left already, along with all the other Slytherin girls.

Slipping on her school winter robes, she ran a brush through her hair, before she slipped out of the room. Down in the common room, she felt a chill run up along her spine. Crossing the common room floor, she suddenly didn't feel so alone.

Hesitantly, she looked around, expecting to find something lurking in the corners. She turned around, "BOO!"

Usagi screamed, falling back, and hit the floor hard. Her eyes were wide as saucers as she stared up at the poltergeist. "Peeves!!!" Her hand flew to her heart, and she gulped in the needed air.

The ghost like thing fell back laughing, his body trembling with giggles. Usagi climbed to her feet, and asked in a hiss, "What are you doing here?"

Peeves grinned, as he danced about, "I'm to follow you to the Great Hall. Dumblehead doesn't want you to end up like the others." Usagi glowered at the poltergeist, and stalked passed him. "Did you have to scare me to death?" Peeves' grin broadened, "That was only for fun. You're fun to play with."

The blonde rolled her eyes, and left the Slytherin common room, with Peeves following close behind.

Unbeknownst to them, a figure shrouded in darkness, stepped back to remain unseen. Glowing eyes narrowed into slits, as they watched the blonde haired, blue-eyed girl walk away. "There you are."

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Usagi sat down at the Slytherin table, and found herself all alone at the table. "Hey Usagi, why are you sitting alone?"

The blonde looked up from her empty plate. Harry crossed the room, to the table she seated at. Usagi glanced around the table, "Well I'm not exactly alone. Peeves is playing bodyguard." Looking behind the dark haired boy, she noted his table was just as empty as hers.

Harry nervously shifted on his feet, "Ron and Hermione went home for Christmas." Usagi pointed to the plate across from her, "Care to join me?" Harry shook his head, and sat down slightly unnerved, to sit at the Slytherin table. It didn't feel quite right.

Usagi stared at all the food set out on the table, "Wow, all this food for us. lie Gregory or Vincent to eat it all." Harry shook his head, as he began to fill his plate with food. Curious, Usagi asked, "Harry, why aren't you going home for Christmas?"

Green eyes lifted to look at her, and he remained silent as he stared at her. Feeling uneasy under his stare, she replied quickly, "You don't have to say if you don't want to. I'm not going home because; I really don't have anything to go home to. My Obason, is coming here to visit me. Shingo went home to see his friends, and well, I see him all the time at school."

"No parents?"

The blonde shook her head slowly, "No, they died a year ago, in a boating accident."

Harry dropped his eyes to his plate, "You really don't know who I am do you?" She grinned nervously, "I know you're Harry Potter. What else is there to know?"

He chuckled ruefully, as he shook his head. "My parents died when I was a year old. An evil sorcerer came, and killed them both, leaving me with this scar." He pointed at the lightning bolt on his forehead.

Usagi leaned forward to see it better, hesitantly, she reached out to touch it. The dark haired boy jerked back, "What are you doing?"

Still she reached forward, and her fingertips touched the mark. She inhaled sharply, and she squeezed her eyes shut. Worried, he asked, "Usagi?" He stared into her face. His eyes flew to her forehead, when a white light flickered there.

Usagi let out a tiny squeal of protest, her body shaking. Harry's green eyes widen, as a line slashed across her forehead, and blood dripped from the new cut. "Usagi stop it!"

As if burned, she withdrew her hand, and held it fast to her chest as if wounded. She glanced down at her fingers, before she looked back up to his forehead. "lie. The scar its still there."

"Usagi what did you do?" The blonde realized he was staring at her forehead. Hesitantly, she reached up, and touched where her skin burned. Pulling back her hand, she saw the blood.

A few seconds passed, before it seeped back into her skin.

"What the? But, but I saw it. You had a lightning bolt scar just like mine. I saw it." Usagi shook her head, dropping her hand as the tears rushed to her eyes. "lie, I don't have the scar, because I couldn't heal the one you have."

He stared at her, his brows drawn together, "Heal?" She numbly nodded, "Hai, I wanted to heal that scar. You say you only remember the green light Harry kun?" She shook her head, when she saw shock cover his face like a mask.

She felt dizzy, and climbing out of the table, she slightly stumbled on her feet. "I need to go lie down."

Harry scrambled out of the bench seat, "Usagi wait."

A hand held him back. Looking up, he saw a young woman he didn't recognize. She had long green hair, and dark garnet eyes. "Peeves?" The poltergeist appeared next to her, "hmm?"

She nodded after the blonde, "Follow her, and don't let her out of your site. I will be there shortly." The ghost like man nodded, "aye aye sir, I mean ma'am." He snickered below his breath, before vanishing.

Frowning, Harry asked, "Who are you?" The young woman smiled faintly, "Meiou Setsuna. I'm Usagi's aunt. You must be Harry. Hagrid is looking for you, why don't you go see what he needs."

Before he could say anything, she started off after Usagi, most likely heading for the Slytherin common room. Harry frowned, but did as she had said, and went in search of Hagrid.

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"I see that you have been working at your abilities."

Usagi's head snapped up from the book she had been reading. "Obason!" She scrambled to her feet, and raced towards the taller woman. She wrapped her arms around the slender woman, "I missed you so much. When did you arrive?"

Setsuna chuckled, a smile playing on her face, "I arrived on the train Usagi. And I missed you too. How is Hogwarts treating you?"

The blonde pulled back, and waved a hand about the room. "Pretty well. I like it. I'm learning a lot. Did you know that when witches were burned at the stake, the real witches pretended that they were burning?"

Setsuna shook her head, "Honto? How intriguing." Usagi nodded eagerly, "Hai, and there was this witch that burned 47 times because she liked it." The girl visibly shuddered, "I don't know how."

"You should see all the things I learned. Professor Snape taught us this really strong sleeping potion. Professor McGonagall taught us how to change a match into a pin. Wanna see?"

Setsuna bit back the smile, as she shook her head, "I see. This is good news. Usagi, please sit, I have a few things to discuss with you."

The blonde shook her head, "But I have so much I want to show you." The woman gently placed a hand on the girl's shoulder, and helped her sit back down on her bed. "I know, but I have important news."

Sobering up, Usagi waited impatiently for her aunt to speak.

"Have you looked for information connecting to your past?" When she shook her head, Setsuna continued, "You're running out of time Usagi. It is very important for you to find out who your parents are." She paused, waiting a beat, "Luna has informed me you have been told of a riddle."

Usagi looked up at the dark haired woman, "But how did she find out?" Setsuna shrugged, "I do not know. Do you remember the riddle Usagi?"

She hesitated, before she nodded her head slowly. "Hai." She pursed her lips together in thought. "Peeves keeps repeating it to me every time I run into him."

There was a low chuckle, and the poltergeist appeared in the room. "Poor, poor first year, you shall take the blame." Usagi scowled, "Go away Peeves!" The ghost shook his head with a hearty laugh, "Troubled, troubled first year, they are all the same."

The blonde rolled her eyes, "I know, I know. They see you in them, for they are coming for you." She frowned faintly, the riddle playing through her mind over and over again.

Setsuna nodded, "I see. Well I have come to give you a hint Usagi, and then I must take my leave." She glanced up at her aunt, the frown deepening, "You know the answer, and all you're going to do is give me a hint?"

The woman nodded, "hai, because its up to you Usagi, not I. Now for your hint. They are all the same, is describing the girls being kidnapped."

Usagi pondered over the new piece of information. When Setsuna stood to leave, she reached up to stop her. "Do I have any wizard money left?"

The woman nodded, her thin brows drawn together, "hai, why do you ask?" Gnawing on her bottom lip, Usagi asked, "Could I spend some of it on Christmas gifts?"

Setsuna shook her head, "Of course, it is your money. What is it you wish to buy?" Grinning, the blonde replied hastily, "gifts for a few friends. Will you stop by Diagon alley for me, and get them for me?" Setsuna nodded, "Hai, write your list on a piece of parchment, and I will go shopping when I arrive back in London."

Usagi smiled grateful, "Artigato Obason." With that said, she hurried over to her trunk, and went in search for a clean piece of parchment, a quill, and inkbottle.

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"Its Christmas!!!!!"

Usagi scrambled out of her bed, her eyes wide with excitement. "Luna its Christmas!!!" She leaped to her feet, hopping around on the bed with excitement. "I got presents?"

She jumped from the bed, to the floor below, and rushed to the stack of boxes at the end of her bed. "Luna look."

The black cat groggily climbed to her feet, and looked over the edge of the bed. "What is it Usagi?" The blonde held up a box, "To you, from me!"

Garnet eyes blinked in surprise, "For me?" Usagi nodded, "Hai." She laid it down in front of the cat, before turning to her presents. "Oh wow." She held up a square one, "Awe Shingo." She tore into the box,

and revealed a Remembrall. She grinned, "He's such a spore. Wait till he comes back, I'll teach him to insult me!" she was laughing as she spoke. "I hope he enjoys the thing I got him." Placing the ball back, she picked up another gift.

She tore into the package. Pulling it out, she revealed an odd device. "Why would Setsuna give me this?"

Luna looked up from her gift, and replied, "That is a Sneakoscope. It will inform you when someone near you is untrustworthy."

Usagi frowned, "How does it do that?" Luna shrugged, "I'm not really." before she could even finish, the Sneakoscope began to spin, and a whistle went off. The blonde blinked in alarm, "Ack, how do you shut it off??"

The black cat dropped down, and growled, "Peeves!"

There was a thud, and Usagi noticed a book landed only feet from where she sat. Looking up, she watched as the poltergeist appeared in thin air. The Sneakoscope then went silent.

Usagi grinned, "Sugoi!" She placed it with her other gift. "I'll have to write Obason and thank her." She pulled out another box, "Oh here you go Peeves."

The floating Ghost frowned, "For me?" He picked up the box she held out to him. He unwrapped the paper, and stared at the box. He blinked, and Usagi faintly caught sight of unshed tears. "My own Prankster Kit." He moved away from her, so that he could take a look what all was inside.

Usagi beamed, "You're welcome." She then grabbed another present. She went through all the boxes, opening them all up one at a time.

She had gotten an action figure, which moved on its own accord, from Harry, and a camera from Professor Dumbledore.

She loved all of her presents, and couldn't wait to give each of them a try. Jumping to her feet, she collected her garbage, and cleaned the

mess she had made. Usagi stuffed them all into a large box, before dragging the box to the stairs. "I'll be right back Luna."

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Usagi came back a few minutes later to the common room, to find it empty. Frowning, she looked around for the familiar black cat. "Luna?"

She moved across the room, but came up short, when she noted a decorated box sitting on the end of her unmade bed. She looked around her, straining to hear the slightest noise. "All right Peeves this isn't funny."

She looked around the room, hoping to find the prankster laughing, and joking at how well he had frightened her. But he never appeared; in fact the room was eerily quiet.

Fear seem to settle in the pit of her stomach, and she inched towards the gift. Where had they gone? She had only been out for a few minutes. If they had left the common room, she should have seen them, at least she would have seen Luna.

Hesitantly, she moved towards the box, her heart pounding. Maybe Peeves got her something? Maybe it was one of his pranks, a pie in the face?

She glanced over at her trunk, where her robes were neatly folded. Her wand was in her pocket.

'Poor, poor first year, you shall take the blame. Troubled, troubled first year, they are all the same. They see you in them, for they are coming for you.'

Her heart nearly dropped to her feet, when Peeves haunting warning came to mind. She swallowed, inching closer to the wrapped present. "Who am I kidding, it's just a silly present."

She stood over it, her fingers poised over the silver ribbon. She pulled it undone, as she drew in a shaky breath. Something wasn't right, there was something terribly wrong here.

The ribbon fell away, and the flaps on the top of the box swung open. She barely had time to register what leaped out at her from inside. She inhaled sharply, as if fell onto her pajamas, getting tangled in the skirt of her pink nightgown.

A scream erupted from her throat, slicing through the air like a knife. She scream loud, her pitch bouncing off the walls, and filled the air, filling her ears. Something else shot out from the box, slicing into her cheek. She inhaled, screaming, as she stumbled back. She thrashed, loosing her footing, and hit the ground. Blood soaked into her nightgown, touching her gown, touching her hair. She screamed again, as the thing caught in her uplifted skirt flung through the air. It landed on her chest.

Small beady black eyes stared at her lifelessly. Jaw slacked, a small blue- black tongue lolled out, touching the cloth of her nightgown.

Usagi shrieked, her screams filling the room like an alarm. Blood was everywhere, and even though her vision blurred, the image of the bloody natty haired rat was imprinted in her mind.

Her eyes rolled up into the back of her head, as her lifeless body hit the floor with a dull thud.

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Hey everyone, hope you enjoyed this chapter. I just have to say, all of you are just wonderful!!!! Last night I had 21 emails. I was so happy. It made my day. Thank you, thank you so much!!! You guys and gals are just the greatest. Well, I just have to say; sorry I didn't put a Harry/Usagi day, like I did for Draco/Usagi. I couldn't fit it into this chapter. I'll do it next chapter. Well tell me what you think. Did you like this chapter? I know I did. Here are the polls.

Harry/Usagi: 67 it was somewhat of a tie

Draco/Usagi: 76 starting to get a little ahead again.

Well I'll just say this, whatever one come first. Either the first couple to reach 92, or the couple with the highest poll by chapter 14 will be the couple. Times running out. Better vote for whom you want, before I collect all votes, and make it final.

Ttyl LP signing out.

Chapter twelve: Midnight Adventure

Professor Snape had been the first one to arrive, and he found a startling scene, in the Slytherin first year girl's room.

Racing up the steps, he found himself standing over a body. At first glance, he would have believed her dead. But when he looked closer, he found her chest rise and fall in a steady pattern.

His black eyes scanned the room assessing the area for potential danger. An open gift sat on an unmade bed. Blood splattered the walls, and floors.

Swooping down, Snape pressed a finger to the girl's neck, and found her pulse steady. A frown appeared on his already worried face, as he noted the mutilated rat upon the girl's chest. Scratches marred her cheek, three needles embedded in her skin.

He took in her appearance with a sweep of his eyes. She was still dressed in her nightwear, a pink cotton nightgown. It had been hiked up to her thighs, from what he assumed was a struggle. Blood was already drying in the soft gown, and in her hair.

He looked up, when pounding feet resounded behind him. Dumbledore and McGonagall appeared. The old woman gasped, clutching a shaky hand to her chest. "We heard a scream. We thought another had been taken." Her dark old eyes fell upon the girl he was crouched near. "Oh dear. Are we too late?"

Dumbledore moved across the room, his long robes billowed about him. "What happened?" He knelt down, touching a hand to the girl's forehead.

Snape nodded at the open present. "Someone sent her a nice little gift. I'm assuming when she opened it, she received this." He pointed at the dead rat.

McGonagall shook her head, "I'll go get Madam Pomfrey." She turned, and left taking the stairs quickly in search of the nurse.

Dumbledore pressed a finger gently against her pulse. "She's drawing a fever. Check those needles, I believe they might have been poisoned."

Snape carefully extracted the needles, and inspected in the light from the window. Unbeknownst to them, heels clicked heavily against the staircase. "It appears so. Whoever gave her this, wanted her,"

"Dead."

Both men looked up, startled by the third voice. "Pluto?" The woman dressed in the odd uniform nodded jadedly. "Yes."

Dumbledore shook his head, staring down at the blonde, "Who, who could have done this?" His eyes lifted to the box. "How could such a box get through our barriers?" Eyes filled with great sorrow, the aged man looked deeply troubled.

Pluto stepped forward, "It would be the same person, who has taken the girls. The same person, all of you fear, and wish not to speak his name."

Snape's head snapped to attention, "Voldemort? But how? How could he be in Hogwarts?" Pluto's eyes dropped to the body lying almost lifeless on the floor. "How did he get into Hogwarts before? Is that not, the rat who once went by the name Scabbers. The animagus, who goes by the name Peter Pettigrew?"

Snape looked down, studying the mangled rat, "It is, it is Peter. But how?" Pluto scoffed, "It seems you underestimate your enemy. He is not easily pleased."

She waved a hand to the room, "This is done by the work, of the man who you all fear, who kidnapped those girls, came here wanting the Sorcerers stone, and wants Harry Potter dead." She paused, her eyes softening.

"But it seems this time, he has not come for the boy, but for her."

Dumbledore seemed to age before their eyes. "Why? How is this girl so significant, that Voldemort is after her? It wasn't she who defeated him, but Potter." Pluto nodded, stepping forward. "Because she has something he wants, but cannot have. He killed her mother for the very same reason, he will not hesitate to repeat his actions."

Suddenly Madam Pomfrey and Professor McGonagall appeared in the room. With a stretcher, they lifted the girl on the bed, and started for the infirmary. Dumbledore and Snape stayed behind.

"I cannot tell you more. But I will warn you. He is after Usagi, and will stop at nothing, till she is dead." A portal opened behind her. "Keep her safe, and make her strong, or she will surely die at his hands."

She stepped back into the portal vanishing from sight.

Snape looked over at the older man, a frown as usual decorating his face. Dumbledore shook his head regretfully, "when will all of this end?"

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Groaning, Usagi touched her fingertips to her forehead. What happened? Her head ached, throbbing all over. She opened her eyes to the darkness of her room. No not her room.

She recognized the stonewalls, and cupboards filled with medicine. Glancing out the window, she realized it had to be real late. She struggled to sit up, just as the door to the infirmary opened.

Usagi stared at the door, frozen. Why couldn't she remember what happened? How did she end up in the infirmary? The door remained open, but there was no hint of a shadow, from the flickering flames out in the corridor.

Was it still Christmas? She remembered waking up, opening presents. Presents! She felt a convulsive shudder ripple through her.

"Usagi?"

The girl nearly jumped out of her bed with fright. Her hand flew up to grasp her heart, as she jerked her head around. There was a soft sound of rustle of cloth against cloth, before Harry appeared before her. He held the invincibility cloak.

"Harry?"

He nodded, taking a seat on the bed next to her. "How are you feeling?" Usagi eased back against the pillow, "All right I guess. How long have I been asleep?"

The boy shook his head, "Not very long. A few hours. Are you okay? Professor Dumbledore said you fainted, what happened?"

Usagi shook her head, her fingers massaging her temples, "Not sure." She yawned suddenly, feeling exhausted, even though she had been asleep for most of the day. "What time is it?"

Harry leaned forward in his seat, "Around nine. I had enough time to run to the common room, before I came here." He paused, lowering his gaze, "So you don't remember why you screamed?"

Usagi blinked, "I screamed?" Dread seeped into her bones; sweat broke out onto her forehead, making her skin feel clammy. Her heart picked up its beat, to where it was racing in her chest.

An image of the present on her bed flashed before her eyes, and she paled. Her hand fisted around the sheets, which covered her from the chest down. Forcing one of her hands to relax, she reached up to her cheek, where her skin burned; the stinging seemed to eat at her.

Her hand withdrew, as she hissed from the contact. Three slashes marred her cheek, and were surrounded by a forming bruise. She shook her head, "You better head back Harry, before Filch finds you."

He shook his head, "No, I'm going to stay." She smiled, even though deep down, she felt a dark foreboding. Reaching out, she grasped his hand, "Artigato Harry kun." He returned her smile, his cheeks stained with a blush. "Why don't you get some rest Usagi?"

The blonde nodded, resting her head back, "I think I will." Her eyelids drooped, and soon she was fast asleep.

Harry sighed, leaning back in his seat. He waited till he was sure she was deeply asleep, and unable to be waken so easily. "You can come out now." From the corner of the room, where there was only shadows, a dark figure stepped into the light of the moon. "Thank you Harry, for helping me get inside."

The boy nodded his head, as he carefully removed his hand from the one he had held tightly. He stood, so that he could face the stranger, who had remained hidden. "She doesn't remember."

The figure shook their head, "She does, she's just not willing to share." The figure stepped further into the room, moving closer to the bed. Harry looked down at the blonde, a frown playing on his face. "I overheard the Professors talking. Some woman named Pluto told them it was Voldemort who did this." He waved a hand to the girl.

"What would she have, that he would want?" The figure looked out at the moon, then back down to the girl. "Maybe its because if this?" Reaching out, he touched the girl's forehead. When he removed his finger, a crescent moon insignia glowed softly.

Harry gasped, "I saw that before. I saw it when she tried to heal my scar." The figure bathed in shadows nodded, "It seems she's as pure as they come. All I ask of you Harry is help her in her search. I must go."

The figure turned, as the moon insignia vanishing. "I hope to hear from you soon." The boy nodded, watching as the man slipped into the shadows, and snuck out of the infirmary without being heard.

Sitting back down, Harry took Usagi's hand in his. He rested his head on the edge of the bed, a sigh escaping his lips.

He needed to get some rest.

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Usagi found herself spending the rest of her winter vacation in the Library. During the day, Harry and herself sat at a table with a cart full of books. They went from shelf to shelf, looking for anything about her parents. It was hard to look, when they had no idea what they were looking for.

During the night, with the help of the invisibility cloak, they snuck into the Restriction section, to search the books back behind the library.

Usagi had never noticed this part of the library, and wished she still didn't know about it. It wasn't a cheerful place at night, with only a lantern to light their way. They had to be careful what books they picked up, who knows what would come out of it.

Usagi sat cross-legged on the floor, the invisibility cloak lying next to her. Harry had climbed one of the ladders, to search the top shelves. The blonde yawned, as she skimmed the contents of the book, hoping for something to jump out at her. But not literally. This would be their last real chance to get away with coming here.

Tomorrow everyone would be returning to Hogwarts, and the day after that the new Term started.

"Find anything Harry?"

The boy shook his head, his eyebrows drawn together in a frown. "Not a thing. How are we supposed to know what to look for?"

Over the week, Usagi had made herself think about everything Setsuna or Luna had told her since the day she realized she was a witch. Her mother and father were a sorceress and a sorcerer, not just a witch and wizard. Why was that so important to know?

"Hey Usagi you should look at this." He climbed down the ladder a book in hand. Seating himself next to her, he opened the book to the page he had marked.

Skimming the page, Usagi was immediately interested. "Do you think this is your mother?"

She stared at the picture of a woman with shimmering white hair, and a pair of lovely violet eyes. She had pale skin, a kind smile, but beside the color of hair and eyes, she looked like an older Usagi. She looked over at the name, 'Serenity.' No last name.

Usagi turned the book over, to read the cover, but there was no title. She looked back at the marked page with acute interest. "What kind of book is this?"

Harry frowned, his eyes slightly clouded, "Its an obituary." The words were like a stab in the chest. If this was her mother, than it was true, she really was gone.

Holding her breath, she stared at the picture. It had to be her mother, she looked so much like the woman, it was uncanny. Letting out the air she held, she whispered, "We should head back to our rooms."

Harry agreed. Together, they huddled beneath the cloak, and worked their way to the Slytherin common rooms. He dropped her off there, heading towards his common room.

Usagi slipped into the room, but didn't head for bed. She sat down in one of the green armchairs near the fire. She opened the book to the same page. She noted the page number mark in parentheses. Turned the pages to another one, she found herself staring at a picture of the same person, but only older.

The last picture had been of a girl, in her early teens, this one was of a woman in her late twenties. She had the white hair, the same shade of purple eyes, and pale skin. But unlike the other picture, her smile was more force, her eyes very dull.

The woman almost looked sad, the electric emotions from the younger image had begun to fade. Usagi read the name, and this time she was awarded with a surprise.

Who in the world was Tom Riddle?

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Hey peeps, hope you enjoyed that. I know I know, not much of a Harry/Usagi shot, but I tried, and plus the voting is all against him!!!! So you'll just have to read my other story to get a Bunny (Usagi)/Harry action. This chapter took me forever to write, I almost got writers block on it, but I pulled through. Now I just hope I can start the next chapter. Wish me luck; I'll need all that I can get. Well anyway, here are the polls.

Harry/Usagi: 78 Poor, poor Harry, oh well, cant win em all.

Draco/Usagi: 90 I think this is how many I caught, I donno I sort of lost count. Two more to go Draco.

Ttyl ty for all the reviews. LP signing out

PS: Okay for Bunny Moon and the Philosopher Stone. Which player should Bunny should be?? Keeper, Chaser, or Beater. PLS PLS PLS PLS PLS PLS I need your votes on this. I'm torn between those three. PLSPLSPLSPLs help me I beg you. On my knees I beg all of you. I can't write anymore, without knowing. Tell me which one would be better you think. I like all three, and can't choose. TYVM.

Chapter Thirteen: You Shall Take the Blame

Only a few days had passed, and it was the start of the term. The other students had arrived by the Hogwarts Express, and things went back to normal. As normal as it could get at Hogwarts. She had skimmed the whole book, searching for more information on her mother, or the man Tom Riddle, in the last few days and nights.

She decided it was time to ask.

Snapping the book shut, she stood from the library table. Draco would have to wait, till tomorrow, for her to tell him what Harry and herself had found in his absence.

Leaving the library, she started down the corridor, heading for the second floor. She trudged down the stairs, her shoes slapping against the stone structure. She turned a corner, and started up a flight of stairs.

"And where are you off to Tsukino?"

Usagi glanced over at Professor Snape. He was standing in the doorway of Professor Moody's office. "I was on my way to speak with Professor Dumbledore, Professor Snape." The potion master raised an eyebrow in question at her. Curious, he asked, "And why is that Miss Tsukino? Professor Dumbledore is a very busy man, he shouldn't be bothered with petty things."

His eyes dropped to the book she was holding tucked beneath her arm. A frown formed on his face.

Usagi caught him glancing down at the book. Smiling thinly, she replied, "I want to ask him about my parents."

At her answer, the stoic Professor balked. "What?" Usagi glanced down at the book. "I came here to find answers about my parents Professor Snape. And I can't find anything about them in the books at the library. Professor Dumbledore was here at this school, when you, and Harry and Draco's parents went to school. Most likely he knows mine as well."

Snape nodded at her logic, but his frown deepened. "Why are you suddenly so curious about your parents?"

The blonde caught her bottom lip between her teeth nervously. "I, well after the incident in the common room, I realized time is running out."

Snape crossed his arms over his chest. "Running out?" She nodded, her eyes displaying her concern. "Those girl's disappearances aren't a coincidence. I think it has something to do with me."

Snape started up the stairs, and Usagi made to follow him. He was taking her to Professor Dumbledore's office. "Why do you say that Tsukino?"

Usagi sighed suddenly. "My Obason. And Peeves actually. My obason sent me here to learn of my past, and what happened to my real parents, not the ones that adopted me." She frowned, as they turned down another corridor. "A few weeks ago, Peeves paid me a visit when I was in the infirmary. He told me this riddle, and before Christmas, my Obason gave me a hint for the answer."

She paused to glance at the Potion master's back. He had slowed his pace, and was inclining his head slightly to listen. "In the riddle he mentioned They Are All The Same. Obason said it meant the kidnapped girls."

They stopped near a statue of a giant gargoyle. "Here you are Tsukino. I will leave you, and I expect to see you in Potions next week. We will continue our discussion then."

Usagi looked up at the older man, as he muttered something under his breath. Her head jerked around, as there was a low rumble. She watched as the gargoyle began to turn, and slowly rise.

Not wanting to be left behind, she jumped on, and waited as the stairs lifted her up into Professor Dumbledore's office. Inside, she climbed out from the stairs, and entered. It was a quaint little office, filled with book, and magical items.

"Awe what a pleasant surprise. How may I help you Miss Tsukino?"

Usagi glanced over at the desk, a blush rising into her cheeks. The old man smiled warmly at her, and beckoned her to come in. "Please, do sit."

She did as he asked, seating herself in the small chair by his desk, which was covered with parchments, and inkbottles. He clasped his hands in front of him. "I believe you're here to asked something of me?"

Usagi nodded, and pulled out the book she had taken with her. Opening to the first marked page, the one Harry had pointed out, she set it down on his desk. Leaning forward in her seat, she pointed at the picture, "Is that my Okaasan?"

Professor Dumbledore didn't look at the picture, but stared at her, with saddened eyes. She frowning slightly, tapping the picture, "Is it?"

Sighing, he adjusted his half moon spectacles, and looked down at the picture. He studied the image thoroughly, and he read the name. It hurt him; she could see it in his eyes, as he studied the picture.

He leaned back, "That is an obituary of witches and wizards Miss Tsukino. Your father Mr. Tsukino was a Wizard, while your mother was not. If that was her, she would not be in this book."

Usagi shook her head, "lie. Professor Dumbledore, don't beat around the bush. The Tsukino's hai are my family, raised me from when I was four. But my parents, my biological okaasan and otosan, are a witch and wizard.

Obason said they were both a powerful sorcerer and sorceress. Now is that my okaasan?"

She pointed at the picture again, demanding from him an answer, yes or no, whatever one, she wanted it.

His old eyes glanced at the picture again, and then slowly he shook his head with defeat. "Yes, the resemblance is unmistakable. Why do you wish to dredge up bad memories Usagi, it will only hurt you more."

Usagi felt the tears fill her eyes. So Serenity was her mother. This woman, who she couldn't relate to, was her real mother. "How did she die?"

Dumbledore sighed deeply, washing his face with his hands. "Your questions will only bring painful truths Usagi. But if you must know, I will tell you. It is time that you finally realized where you came from."

He stood from his chair, and moved to the shelf behind his desk. He searched the titles of books, as he spoke. "You're Mother went to this school, a great many years ago. Which is why I find it hard to believe she could be your mother. She died so young, and yet here you are, and you are so much like her."

He taped each spine of each book, as he talked, "She was in Slytherin, much like yourself. She was never fully accepted, considering she never fit in with their way of expressing their selves.

Your mother spoke her mind, and never ceased to smile. Serenity was filled with so much love, and so much energy she wanted everyone else to feel it as well."

He found the book he wanted, and pulled it from its place. He moved back to his chair. "So when she met your father, she gave him everything she had, including."

He sat down, as he set the book on the desk. He blew at the dust, which had collected over the years. "Her life."

"Her life? You mean he." She shook her head, not sure she had heard him right."

He nodded sadly, and opened the book. He thumbed through the pages, looking for something. "Your father was a great man, with extraordinary power. But he did horrible things."

Usagi nodded, watching him fan through the pages. How could he know what he was looking for, when he wasn't even looking at the book?

Professor Dumbledore stopped, and laid the book open before him. "They were dark times, back then Usagi, and your father was mighty greedy. He wanted extreme power. He wanted to rule the wizardry world."

Usagi fell back into her seat, when she caught sight of the picture on the page he had turned to. She shook her head, to deny what he was telling her.

"Why would my okaasan marry such a man?"

Tears pooled her eyes, and she so badly wanted to let them fall. Dumbledore replied quickly, "He wasn't always like that Usagi. When your parents met, he had yet to be corrupted. And your mother vowed to stay by his side, till she died. And she kept her vow."

He shook his head, "He wanted to be the most powerful wizard, but there was one person who was strong enough to beat him. Your mother held the strongest power that could defeat him. So by his own hands, she died by his side."

Usagi bowed her head, trying to hide the pain in her eyes. She couldn't believe it; none of it could be true. It was impossible.

"Your mother left you on a doorstep, knowing you were in danger. And she was right Usagi, because you are still in danger."

Usagi looked up sharply, "he wants to kill me?" She felt her throat crack under the pressure of emotions building. She remembered the rat, the present she found on her bed. A gift from her father, a death trap? He wanted her dead. "Why?"

Dumbledore tilted his head ever so slightly. "Have you not heard a word I have said Usagi? You were born from the blood of two

powerful beings. One only slightly stronger than the other. And because of this, you are much stronger than he is."

Usagi stared at the headmaster in disbelief. Her stronger? Her powerful? The crescent moon, the ability to heal herself. The ability to jump thirty feet, and land perfectly on the ground without so much as a scratch. Things she had been able to do since she was seven. Her eyes filled with horror. She had his blood; she had his genes inside her. He had helped create her, and yet he still wished to see her dead.

She felt sick, her stomach turning over with a sickening plop. The color drained from her skin, much like water through a sifter. She was nauseated, dizzy.

She went to her feet, swaying as she shoved the chair back. She grabbed the book she had taken from the library, from the restricted section.

Dumbledore went to his feet, "Usagi what's wrong?"

She shook her head, stumbling for the stairs. She reached them, and they began to descend downward to the second level corridor. She had to get out of there, and she needed time to think.

Stumbling out of the stairs, Usagi started for the Slytherin common room.

Who in the world was Tom Riddle?

Tom Riddle, was her father.

Tom Riddle was Voldemort.

Voldemort, the sorcerer everyone feared and hated.

"Oh kami I think I'm going to be sick."

?????

Usagi clung to the toilet for dear life. Feeling the bile rise, she heaved, her lunch coming back up, and it spilled into the water of the toilet.

She moaned falling back. Her head banging against the stall, but she made no move to get up. Feeling somewhat better, she relaxed. She had barely made it the bathroom on the second floor, before she puked.

That had been fifteen minutes ago, and she was still here, waiting for more to come up. She sat on the cold floor, breathing in and out, in and out.

"Luna where are you when I need you?" She sniffled, wiping vainly at her falling tears. Luna had been missing since Christmas morning, but so was Peeves. She hadn't seen him since he opened his Christmas present.

Unable to fight it, her shoulders began to tremble. Raising her hands, she covered her face with her palms, and let out a pitiful sob. She had gotten more than she had bargained for. Voldemort, of all people.

A heinous cry ripped from her throat. She broke down into hysterical tears, and shattering sobs.

"Why him, kami why him?"

She drew her legs to her chest, stuffing her runny nose into the folds of her robes. Her body shook with each sob, and she didn't seem like she was going to relent any time soon. "He killed Harry's parents, he killed all those people. And Okaasan. Why did it have to be him?"

She felt it, and she rushed to the toilet spilling more into the toilet bowl. When she was done, she flushed it. Sniffing, she rubbed at her swollen eyes. She pushed herself up to her legs, before she opened the stall door.

She moved to the sink, and rinsed her hands, then washed her face. She was panting, unable to catch her breath. Turning from the sink, she walked to the bathroom door.

Usagi slipped out into the empty corridor wiping at her eyes. She followed the hallway to the main stairs, and took them down to the ground level. She turned left, instead of right, and moved to the Great Hall doors.

Pushing them open, she slipped into the large room. Only a few of the students had arrived. When she walked in, the room went silent.

Looking around, she glanced at each table. Everyone was staring at her oddly. Then the whispering began. From the Hufflepuff table, fifth year Susan Bones pointed at her cheek.

Instinctively Usagi touched hers. They were still there. Unlike all her other cuts and scrapes, this one didn't heal. The three jagged lines were still there, evidence of what conspired in the common room over Christmas.

She looked over at the Gryffindor table. Hermione was whispering to Ron and Harry heatedly. Her dark eyes glanced over at Usagi frequently as she spoke.

Usagi dropped her eyes to her feet, and turned around. She suddenly wasn't so hungry. Opening the door, she slipped out of the room. The voices in the Great Hall lifted, and people were speaking louder now that she was out of the room.

"Did you hear?"

"No what?"

"I heard from Susan who stayed here on the vacation, that on Christmas morning, Tsukino was attacked."

"No!"

"Yep. Haven't you noticed, that all the girls disappearing, are blonds?"

"Yes."

"She's the only blonde left with blue eyes. I bet it's because of her they're disappearing."

"No!"

"Yes."

Usagi felt tears stinging. So they saw it too? They also believed it was because of her, that those girls were missing. If Voldemort took them, than they surely were dead. He wouldn't have kept them; there would have been no point.

She was feeling queasy again. Innocent lives taken, just because he had thought they were her.

This time, she didn't hesitate. Usagi made her way down the common room. Saying the password, she slipped in through the secret door. Entering the room, she instantly felt someone else in the room with her.

Frozen near the doorway, she half expected something to jump out at her, much like the rat had from the present.

"Is it true?"

Relief swarmed her, and she turned towards the blazing fire, where Draco was at, leaning against the hearth. "Is what true?"

She let the door swing shut behind her, as she moved across the room. Usagi didn't want him to see that she had been crying. He would only insult her. She didn't think she could handle something like that right now.

Draco pushed himself from the stonewall, as he replied, "Harry told me about a present you received. Is it true?"

Usagi paused near the stairs, and she ducked her head, as he came up behind her. "Hai."

He turned her around, and his eyes caught site of the three scars. "What about that healing thing you can do?" Usagi shook her head, "It won't work. It has been days, and they haven't cleared up at all."

His frown deepened as he asked, "Why are you shaking? What the hell is wrong?"

She pulled away from him, and started up the stairs. "I don't want to talk about it." Draco followed her, "I don't care, if you want to or not, tell me what happened while I was gone?"

They entered the first year girl common room.

Usagi moved towards her bed, and sat down with a heavy sigh. "I'm not feeling to well is all." She touched her forehead, but there was no sign of a fever.

Draco stalked towards her, and jerked her back to her feet. "You can't fool me so easily Usagi. Tell me now what is bothering you, or I'll go straight to Professor Snape, and have him ask you."

She stared down at his chest, studying the material of his robes. Both her hands latched onto the nice cloth, and she buried her face into his chest. "Oh Draco!!!"

She squeezed her eyes shut, the tears falling, and her body shook with more sobs. "Usagi? What's wrong?"

Shaking her head, she only sobbed harder. Draco sighed uncomfortably, unsure what he should do at a moment like this. What do you do when a girl cries like this, like there is nothing left, like nothing was right anymore? Swallowing the lump in his throat, he helped her down, so that they both sat on her bed. No use standing.

He didn't move to hold her, to touch her, or even soothe her. He let her cry, using his robes to soak her tears. When her crying softened, just barely above a whimper, he finally relaxed. ", thank you for the present."

He couldn't think of anything to say to comfort her, so he went to the second best thing. Her crying stopped all together, and slowly she lifted her head from his chest. Her eyes were slightly puffy, and red around the edges. The tears she had shed created trails down her checks, and were already beginning to dry.

"You got my present?"

Her voice sounded hoarse, pitiful really. He nodded, and again thanked her for the invincibility cloak. He had never expected to get one, even though he always wanted one of his own, when he had seen that Harry had one.

"I liked it a lot. And I, I got you something too." He paused studying her face. She was really pale, her eyes sullen. "I left it downstairs." It came out barley above a whisper. He licked his lips, feeling that they had gone dry.

Usagi's eyes searched his face, "You didn't have to." She swallowed hard, her heart beating rapidly.

Was he going to kiss her?

Her heart leaped at the very idea, as she waited for him to move, to say something.

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~~~~~ Well there you go. I thought I should put it up since I will be gone for four days, and most likely wont be remotely anywhere near an internet access. ACK what will I do with myself??? \*Sigh\* I'll think of something I'm sure of it. Well take care, and I hoped you enjoyed this story. I'm nearly finished with it, YAY!!!! You'll are probably thinking "its about damn time!" hehe well like I said, thank you for reading it, and I'll miss all of you.

Oh and if you haven't figured it out, Draco won. Srry Harry fans, but I promise my next story will have lots of Harry/Usagi (Bunny) action. Hehe enjoy your summer vacation, cause I know I will hehe!!!!
BYE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

LP signing out.

PS. PLS read Bunny Moon and Philosopher stone, or Flip Side of Life for Sailor Moon. Good stories really. Again my grammar sucks, but I think they are good. Well bye.

Chapter Fourteen: They Are all the Same

"Usagi?" She licked her lips, tilting her head up just slightly. "Hai?"

Draco suddenly shook his head, inhaling sharply. He turned away, letting the air he held tumble over his lips. "Did you find anything out?"

She looked away, directing her gaze to her lap. Her hands slipped away from the folds of his robes. "I don't think you want to know." She pushed herself up off the bed. "In fact, I think you should go." She moved to the window near her bed, and stared out towards the forbidden forest.

Draco stood, and moved to stand behind her. "Why don't you want to tell me now? You were willing to tell me after winter vacation." Usagi ducked her head, "Because I'm afraid of what you will think."

He scoffed, his eyes narrowing, "And when did you begin to care what I think?"

She turned on him, "I don't." Her lips pursed together. Without a word, she pushed passed him to her bed. Lying on top of the blankets was the dreaded book she had shown Professor Dumbledore.

Hesitantly she lifted it, and forced herself to open to the page in the back. Draco followed her to the bed, and looked at the book over her shoulder. "Why are you looking at an obituary?"

Tears filled her eyes, as she held one shaky hand over the picture of the silver haired maiden. "That's my okaasan." Her voice trembled.

She dragged her finger down the information next to the picture. She stopped at the next of kin. "And that's my otosan."

Tom Riddle

It was written in italics, neatly done, except for the obvious pauses at each letter.

"Tom Riddle?" His voice sounded so indifferent, as if her answer wasn't a surprise to him. Was he trying to act cool, while inside he was disgusted with her? Hurt flashed across her face, as something stabbed her in the heart, piercing her deep. Numbly she nodded, waiting for him to jerk away from her. She knew Harry would have if he knew.

She would never be able to tell Harry, not unless she didn't value his friendship. 'But I do, I value both of their friendship. Its all I have.' Usagi bit hard on her lip, and her teeth sliced the inside of her mouth.

"Voldemort is your father?" He wrenched the book from her hands, and flipped through the pages. Usagi covered her face with them. "Hai. Dumbledore told me today, before lunch." She shook her head, the nausea building inside her.

"Go."

"But."

She shook her head vigorously, "GO!" She looked at him, her eyes twisted with agony. "JUST leave!"

Draco snapped the book shut, his eyes hardening, "Fine." He didn't give her the book back, but took it with him when he left.

Rage surged her, and Usagi ripped the pouch she wore around her neck, off. Holding her arm back, she threatened to throw it, but she stopped herself. Luna wanted her to learn how to use the brooch, to protect herself. Had Luna known who her father was? Had known that he wanted to kill her.

Tearing her eyes from the brown bag, she gazed about the room. "Then get it over with! If you want me dead so badly KILL ME!!! I don't care!"

She fell to her knees sobbing, "I don't care."

?????

Albus Dumbledore looked up, as the stairs to his office rotated up. Worry creased his brow, as he fell back against his chair. Who would come to speak with him at such an hour?

Glancing out the window, he could see that the sun had already sunk passed the horizon. Turning his eyes back to his piece of parchment, he sighed. He hadn't gotten anything done since Usagi had left his office earlier that day. He hadn't been able to forget the horrified look on her face when she realized the truth.

Reaching up, he rubbed his forehead, before washing his hands down his face. He had never wanted her to find out. She wasn't one to take the news well.

Albus gaze lifted back to the stairway, but there was no one there. The stairs had stopped moving, but there was no one in his office. "Harry?"

He pushed back his seat, "Harry?" He heard the rustle of cloth against cloth. "You do not need to use the invincibility cloak everywhere you go, Harry."

"I'm not Harry."

The cloak was pulled away, and standing in the middle of his office was Draco Malfoy. Prefect of the Slytherin house. "Mr. Malfoy what a pleasant surprise."

He made a move to stand, as he beckoned the boy to come in. "Please sit." When Draco fell into the seat, Usagi had sat down only hours before, he added, "What can I do for you Mr. Malfoy." Albus sat back down in his chair.

The boy smiled crookedly, and Albus shuddered inwardly. Draco was too much like his father it was uncanny. "Strange how you call me by my last name, while with Potter you don't mind to call him by his first."

Albus cleared his throat, shifting uncomfortably in his seat, "I figured you wished to be called by your last name. If you want otherwise."

Draco shook his head, holding his hand up to silence him. "No."

Albus nodded, "I see." He leaned forward, closing the book he had neglected to shut earlier. "What can I do for you Mr. Malfoy?"

The white haired youth shifted restlessly in his seat, but before he could ask the question weighing down on his mind, the stairs to Albus' office began to move.

Draco shifted again, but didn't move to look behind him. "I want to know everything you told Usagi this morning." Albus sighed; he had known this was coming. "Fine, then I better tell the both you at the same time."

There was the soft sound of rustling of cloth. "What are you doing here?" The boy seated in the chair, turned slightly to look at the boy standing in the doorway. "Hello Potter."

He smirked, "Being nosy as usual?" Harry glowered at the Slytherin boy, "What are you doing here Malfoy?"

Draco scowled, turning from him, "Looking after a fellow housemate, and yourself?" Harry stalked across the room, taking a seat next to the boy. He scooted the chair away from Draco as he replied, "I'm worried about a friend."

Blue eyes narrowed, "Slytherin and Gryffindors don't make friends." Harry shot the white haired boy a harsh look, "Usagi doesn't belong in Slytherin. She's a better person than the lot of you."

Snorting, Draco asked, "She makes a perfect Slytherin."

Albus raised both his hands "Boys please. Now is not the time to argue. You have both come to find out what had happened in this office between Usagi and I."

Both boys nodded, turning away from the other to look at the professor.

Sighing, he continued, "It is a long story young lads. But if you are willing to listen, I will tell."

?????

The weeks passed, and Usagi found herself avoiding Draco and Harry more than ever. During Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner, she found herself eating down in the dungeon, conversing with none other than Professor Snape.

After confiding with him four weeks ago on her way to Professor Dumbledore's office, she sort of grown accustomed to Snape's standoffish mood.

Sitting on the floor of Snape's office, she rolled the food she had plopped into her mouth, as she wrote her essay for his class. "Professor?"

Snape grunted, his eyes briefly glancing down at her from over the edge of his desk. "Yes Miss Tsukino?"

Swallowing her mouthful of baked potato, she asked, "What was that ingredient, the thing that." She tapped her chin with her quill. "Argh I cant describe it."

She pouted slightly trying to come up with something enough for him to give it a name.

"Hellebore?"

Usagi perked up at the name, "Hai, hai, that's it. Artigato Professor." She went back to scribbling on her piece of parchment. She shoved the last fork full of food into her mouth, and chewed loudly. Swallowing it, she leaned back, patting her stomach.

"More?"

Looking up, Usagi started at her potion's Professor blankly. Then as if it dawned on her what he was asking, shook her head. "lie, five

helpings is my limit." The greasy haired man's left eye twitched slightly. "Limit indeed."

Usagi felt her face warm, "Artigato for letting me sit in here again." She glanced at the clock, noting how late it was getting. Packing her things, she stuffed them into her bag, before bringing the plate to his desk.

Snape eyed her with disdain. He leaned back in his seat, as she replaced the plate, where she had picked it up twenty minutes earlier. "What I don't understand is, is it either your avoiding Mr. Potter, and Mr. Malfoy, or avoiding everyone all together?"

He watched her carefully, noting how she stiffened at the question. Meekly, she looked at him. "You've heard them talking too, then?"

He nodded, knowing full well what she was talking about. The rumors were all over, and it didn't take a genius to figure out what they were about, and to whom they were about. "Yes I have."

Sighing, Usagi dropped her bag. It was going well passed seven, and most students would be heading off to their common rooms. Lucky for her, her common room was right down the hall. "I've known for a while now it was going to happen. Should have prepared myself, really."

She shook her head in disgust, "But it still hurts, even though I was warned about it. How can people just point fingers not caring at who?" Tears welled up within her eyes, "I can't stand it. Shingo won't even talk to me. All the first years are deathly afraid of me."

Uncomfortably, she crossed, and uncrossed her arms, not sure what to do with them. "Why did he have to be my otosan? Why did my okaasan have to pick such an evil, evil man!" Angry tears began to fall from her storming blue eyes. She was seething inside.

"I hate him, the whole lot of them." Grinding her teeth together, she finally began to pour out all the anxiety, hatred, and pain that had built up over the past four weeks. She was angry with everyone, hurt by all

the accusations thrown at her, and feared that she was going to lose the only friendships she had.

Draco and Harry.

Snape's lips curled into a rare smile, "Spoken like a true Slytherin." Her wild eyes snapped at him, "I won't ever be a Slytherin!" She glared at him, her anger so fresh, so strong, she couldn't fight it back any longer.

She let it go, tired of holding back, and tired of taking everything with stride. "My parents were Slytherin, and look what happened to them. My otosan is a murdering bastard. My Okaasan dead, because of him!" Her voice became shrill. She was shrieking at the top of her lungs.

"This whole time all of you knew! Setsuna, my obason, if she even is my obason, knew. You knew, Dumbledore knew!" She began to pace the office floor, unable to hold still any longer.

Usagi was venting, and she knew it. It felt great yelling at someone.

"Again spoken like a true Slytherin. You may deny it Miss Tsukino, but you are the descendent of two powerful witch and wizard."

She whirled on him, her face red with anger, "So! Should I be thrilled, should I be happy, that my Ootosan is Lord Voldemort, himself?" Her eyes narrowed. "You all knew, and wouldn't tell me."

Shaking her head, she resumed pacing the floor. "Do you know what they say, when I leave the room, do you hear them talking when I lay in my bed and close my eyes. Do you understand, what I go through day in and day out, night after night, listening to them?" She glanced at him, and saw him shake his head.

"They don't bother to wait sometimes for me to leave the room, to talk. They point at me!" She raised a shaking hand the scars, which had yet to show any sign of healing. The scabs were still there, dried blood crusted over the long jagged marks across her flesh. When she

washed it, they bled, and the blood would dry once more, as if they attack had just happened.

"Every time I look in a mirror, I see that dead rat jumping out at me, I see all that blood spraying the walls." She closed her eyes, letting her hand to fall at her side. She had stopped pacing all together.

"They blame me for them disappearing. Those girls had all looked alike, blonde hair, blue eyes. They were taken, because he wanted me." She paused, trying to muster the courage, which was draining rapidly from her. "Some even think I'm the one who took them. They think that I'm going to follow my Otosan's footsteps, and go on a killing spree."

Tears filled her eyes again, and she opened them to look at the potion master. "They didn't like me in the first place, and now everyone hates me, even my own Ootoo."

Glancing around the office, she finally answered the question, he had asked her, before she had poured out all her pent up frustrations. "So hai, you can say I am avoiding everyone, because I cant stand the way they look at me, when I walk into the Great Hall. I can't stand seeing them all move, when I sit down at the table. And I most certainly cant stand listening to them talk about rumors, and lies about me!"

With that said, Usagi snatched up her bag, and stalked out of the room, and headed for the slithering common room. Everyone would be in bed by now.

Hopefully.

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Things became more and more difficult over the next couple of weeks. It was nearing March already; January and February had gone by in a haze, Usagi spending most of that time avoiding other students, and even Snape.

After her last meeting with Snape, she had taken extra care, not to stop by his office, but spent the remainder of her of time outside of classes in the library, at a table, and her nose pressed to the books.

She focused most her spare time on learning all that she could about Voldemort, and the Death Eaters. The more she learned, the more she resented him and herself for being his child.

Usagi wasn't one to skip a meal, but considering food wasn't aloud in the library, she had skipped many of them, going without anything to eat for days. With her lack of participation in anything, the talk about her grew, but she was never around to hear it.

Sitting down in her favorite seat in the very back of the library, she lit the candle on the table, and pulled out one of the books she had checked out earlier that week.

Glancing around, she noted Madam Pince was busy shelving books, Usagi pulled out her brown pouch from beneath her robes. Staring at it, she contemplated on what she intended to do. Looking at Madam Pince once more, making sure she was busy, he sighed. Dumping the brooch into her hand, she held it tightly.

This thing was supposed to help her against Voldemort. Frowning, she turned the locket over in her hand. How could a piece of jewelry save her against an evil man like her Otosan?

"Thought I'd find you here."

Snapping out of her thoughts, Usagi looked up sharply to find herself not alone anymore. For the passed two months, she had been successful in avoiding him, even in class, she had refused to sit next to him, and found an empty seat alone, since if she sat next to anyone, they moved immediately.

But now, she had been so wrapped up within her own thoughts, she hadn't heard him approach her. And now, there was no escape.

"Hello Malfoy san."

She looked away from him, refusing to acknowledge him fully.

Maybe if she ignored him, he would leave?

From the corner of her eyes she could seem him scowl at her formalities.

Or maybe not.

Turning back to him, pleasantly, she asked, "What can I do for you?" The white haired boy scowled at her, his eyes slightly narrowed in displeasure with her coolness towards him.

"Where have you been? And why do you keep ignoring me?" His voice had risen at the last question, that Madam Pince looked at them, and ordered him to be quiet.

He glared at the librarian, before he turned his attention back to the blonde first year.

Usagi frowned at him, and she replied in a hiss, "My life doesn't revolve around you Mr. Malfoy, I can do as I wish." She dropped the brooch back into the pouch, and hid it back beneath her robes. She crossed her arms over her chest, and directed her gaze to the book open in front of her.

Draco gritted his teeth in annoyance, "Don't avoid the question Usagi!"

"Mr. Malfoy, if you don't keep your voice down, I will have to remove you at once!" Madam Pince was glaring at them from across the room, her hands on her hips.

He didn't even hesitate, grabbing her book, and her bag with one hand; he pulled her from the chair with his other. By the arm, he jerked her across the room, and out of the library, into the empty corridor.

"Draco what is the meaning."

He whirled on her, nearly shoving her into the wall near the doors of the library. "So now you call me by my first name??? What happened to Mr. Malfoy huh?" His voice rose, there not being a restriction at raising it outside the library.

Glaring at him, she hissed, "Keep your voice down!" His anger jumped to another notch, "Why should I? Nearly two months Usagi, of your damn cold shoulder ever since that day in the common room. What's the deal huh?"

He pointed a threatening finger at her as he asked the question. Slapping at it, Usagi snapped, "What deal? Can't I want time alone?"

It was odd really, to be arguing like this. In September, she had respected him, and considered him almost a friend. He had helped her through the darkest times of the school year. Had been there when she really needed help. He was there to push her further, when she considered dropping out.

The thought had crossed her mind often, but he would only shove her face into a book, till she understood what it was trying to tell her. He had hounded her from the beginning, forcing her to learn.

But that had changed during the week before winter vacation. Something had changed in their acquainted relationship. When he had let her out to play, and they had spent the whole day out in the snow, she had truly thought they had gotten closer.

Then he had come back, and she had learned the truth of her past. And here they were down each other's throat breathing fire, and ready to strangle the other.

This was the second time she had come face to face with him since the second term had started. She hoped this one wouldn't end as badly as the other had, but with the way things were playing out, it was going to end on bad terms.

Draco was seething, his face red with anger. Usagi never remembered seeing him so mad before, not even at Harry or Hermione, who always found a way to set him off. "Is it because what

you told me, back in the common room? Is that why you've been avoiding me?"

She stared at him, slightly shaken by the thought that he was actually upset about it. She never thought he would get mad over the tiny fact that he didn't have to tutor anymore. Usagi had believed he would have been ecstatic.

"Well?"

He was staring down at her expectantly, and Usagi wasn't sure what to say. Was it because she had told him who her Otosan was, or was it something else? Was it maybe the fact that she had been wrong on assuming they had grown closer? That maybe she came to realize that he found her rather annoying, and had believe he would have wanted to be rid of her?

She shook her head, not sure, which was the real reason why, she had been so deathly afraid to talk to him.

But there was one thing she was sure about. Ducking her head slightly, Usagi meekly answered, "I was afraid I would friendship."

He stared at her, the color draining away from his face. He looked frighteningly ill, his face paler than usual. "?"

Usagi cursed herself for believing something, that she should have known wasn't true. Why would he want to be her friend? A mere first year, who couldn't tell the difference between a hellebore, from salamander blood.

Frowning, Draco quickly added, "I've known who your father was since Christmas."

"Nani?!?" She looked up at him, her eyes widening with shock. He knew???

He flushed slightly, to find himself look directly into her eyes. They were quite close, and he just then realize how awkward this would be to explain if anyone came out into the corridor and saw them.

Clearing his throat nosily, he replied, "Yea. When I got your present, my father wanted to know who you were. I told him, and he well, he told me he knew you, or at least your parents."

She stared at him aghast. So this whole time, fearing of his reaction, he had known all along. Anger seized her, and Usagi smacked his arm. "You baka. I've been worried about losing one of the only friends I have, and this whole time you knew!"

Draco winced from the sting of her slap, but didn't snap at her. Instead he retorted, "You never gave me a chance to!" He glared at her, crossing his arms over his chest. "You kicked me out, before I could say anything."

Usagi opened her mouth to retaliate, but the words died on her tongue. She closed her mouth, only to open it again. "That's why you didn't sound surprise. I thought you were trying to stay cool, to hide your anger at me." She dropped her eyes to her feet, suddenly finding them interesting. She had been worried over nothing. "I feel like a fool."

Draco chuckled, "Well you should. Do you think, that finding out who your father is, is going to keep me from tutoring you?" He snorted, when she looked at him with a blank stare. "Think again. We have to work over time considering how far behind you must be."

Usagi sheepishly grinned, "Hai I guess."

Now they were back to tutor and student again. Sighing, Usagi realized it was all she was going to get out of the cold fish.

"Now what's wrong?"

She instantly flushed deeply, her face warming. Trying to hide her embarrassment, she finally said, "If you think I'm going to forgive you for dragging me out of the library without my consent, you have another thing coming." The threat sounded feeble to her own ears.

Draco smirked, "Oh really?" When she nodded, he stated coolly, "well how else did you expect me to get you alone?"

"Alone?" Her voice barely came out as a squeak, and she stared at him with a surprised look on her face. "You wanted to get me alone? what?"

He rolled his eyes at her; "Madam Pince wasn't going to let us have a go at each other in there." he jerked a thumb in the direction of the library doors.

Usagi flushed brightly, "Oh." Somewhere deep inside her, her hopes fell. She had been hoping for more.

His eyes slightly narrowed, when she cut him off. Slowly a smirk slid across his face. He reached up, placing both his hand on either side of her face, as he added, "And well, for this." He leaned down, pressing his lips against hers. A squeak of surprise escaped her mouth, before his covered hers. At the soft touch, her body melted against him, and she fell into his warmth.

When he pulled away, he leaned over to her ear, for only her to hear, "Forgive me now?" Numbly, Usagi nodded, her head.

Draco smirked, and let her go. She fell against the wall, using it as support. "Then I expect to see you in the common room after dinner, for your tutoring lesson." With that said, he stalked off down the hallway.

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Usagi was numbly aware that she was quite lost. Having been left in the corridor outside the library, she had found it best she walked off the feelings that swam in the pit of her stomach.

But now she stood in an unfamiliar corridor, on the seventh level. Looking around, she wondered what had led her to come here.

She looked over at the tapestry of a person being clubbed by some trolls. It was a nice piece of work. On the other side of her was a stretch of empty wall space, from a window, to a man size vase.

Rubbing her head, she paced the corridor, wondering how she had gotten herself here, without really knowing it. "I wish Luna was here." She missed the black cat more than she wanted to admit. That cat was still missing, and Usagi was starting to get worried.

Peeves was also missing. All the ghost had admitted they had missed the poltergeist, and were worried about the prankster's health. Even Professor McGonagall had voiced her concerns.

She stopped, something on her left catching her eye. Looking over, where there had once been a blank wall, she found herself standing in front of a door. Both eyebrows rose in question. Where had that come from?

She glanced down each end of the corridor. She was standing still in between the vase and window. And behind her was the tapestry. She inhaled sharply, and held it, as she hesitantly reached out for the doorknob. Had she been led here to go into this room? She turned the knob slowly, and pushed the door open.

The room was dark, and musty. Cobwebs strewn across the ceiling to the floor. The floor made of stone was overgrown with mold, and the only piece of furniture was the long table, which was worn through.

She stepped inside carefully; her heart pounding in her chest. There was something terribly wrong. The room resembled much like the dungeons her potions class was held in, but much more ancient.

It wasn't until the door slammed shut behind her, did Usagi realize she wasn't alone, as she had first thought. The room was large, but shrouded in shadows. The only light was coming from the flickering flame of the candle, on the old table.

But in the shadows in the far wall something sinister lurked, watching her with cold chilling eyes.

"Welcome home dear daughter."

It was like she had been punched in the stomach. The air in her lungs whoosh out passed her lips, and she found it terribly hard to breath.

The voice, which echoed off the walls, had the same effect on her, as if someone had dumped a bucket of ice water on her.

Everyone bone in her body felt chilled, and she breathed the only word she could utter aloud, "Voldemort."

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~~~~~ All right, there you go, chapter fourteen. Told ya I would have a couple by this chapter. I think the next chapter will be the last. So get ready for the finally battle, between Father and Daughter. And this battle wont be some squabble.

I'll warn you here and now, this will be my first attempt on a battle like this one. So if it come out bad, I'm terribly sorry. I will try my best, but no promises.

Well I hoped you enjoyed this chapter, and I just have to say, thank you for reading it. speaking of reading, I recommend buying the new Harry Potter Book NOW! It is the best.

I'm halfway through it myself, and so far I just have to say, my story is WAY WAY off. I was now where near coming close to guessing the fifth year. Hehe oh well my bad. Well I hoped you enjoyed this story anyway. Must run, got lots to do before I head to be, like write, and read more of the GREAT book!!!

Tata for now LP signing out.

Chapter Fifteen: They are Coming for You

Harry walked slowly towards the Great Hall for lunch. Moving from the marble staircase, he was nearly at the doors, when something tugging at his robes made him pause. Looking down, slightly startled, he was surprised to find the last house elf; he ever expected to run into.

Blinking rapidly, he glanced around wondering if this was some new joke, but he was alone in the entrance hall.

"Harry Potter, sir." The house elf quivered, the long ears trembling with a small amount of fear. Its voice was squeaky, more so than most house elves Harry had come across.

Raising a single eyebrow at the small creature, he looked around him once more. The House elf looked terrified out of its wits. "What's wrong?"

The house elf shook itself, wringing its fingers in front of it. "Harry Potter, sir." Tears filled the elf's eyes, almost on the verge of crying. Alarmed, Harry dropped to his knees so that he was close to eye level that he could get.

"What happened? What's wrong Winky?" He hadn't seen the house elf since his fourth year, after the ordeal with Barty Crouch. And as ever before, the elf was emotionally distressed. "Did Hermione offer you more clothes?"

After this, he would have to talk to Hermione, and tell her that the house elves didn't want clothes. She was scaring all the elves from cleaning their tower now. Winky nodded at first, and then vigorously shook it. "No, no Harry Potter sir. Winky has come to tell you something else." The elf trailed off, letting out a squeal of fear.

"Yea, what is it Winky? Is it Dobby?" The elf shook its head, and he asked, "Hermione, Ron?" Again Winky shook its head.

"No, no Harry Potter sir. Very special friend of Harry Potter's." The elf's eyes widen, and it began to mumble beneath its breath clearly frightened about something.

"A special friend? Do you mean Usagi?" Winky looked up at him, eyes filling with dreaded fear. A sinking feeling filled him completely, "What happened Winky?"

The house elf became more distraught. "Winky was given a job to work here at Hogwarts Harry Potter, sir. And Winky was doing her job Harry." Harry feeling impatient snapped, "Where is she?"

Quickly Winky added hastily, "Winky was cleaning seventh floor corridor, Harry Potter, sir. And Winky saw the Room of Requirement appear for Harry Potter's special friend."

"The seventh floor?" He had the vague implication, that there wasn't anything up on the seventh floor. "What is the Room of Requirement?"

Winky bowed its head feeling ashamed of itself. "House elves use it all the time Harry Potter sir. When one needs something, the room appears with what one needs. Harry Potter's friend wished for Luna." The elf shook its head sadly.

Harry frowned, "What are you not telling me, Winky?" He stared hard into the elf's face. Winky quivered slightly, "He Who Must Not Be Named, Harry Potter sir. Harry Potter's special friend is with You Know Who, in the Room of Requirement. You Know Who has Harry Potter's special friend's cat Luna, Harry Potter, sir. You Know Who has Harry Potter's special friend!"

Winky burst into the fearful tears, and began to sob pitifully. Harry felt the blood drain from his face. It was too soon; he couldn't have taken her yet, not yet. They weren't ready.

"Not yet, its too soon."

"You know Potter, I think this will be the first time we agree on something."

Harry turned around to find Draco Malfoy on the marble staircase, ready to climb up to the first floor. He was clutching his wand tightly.

Carefully, Harry stood, and acknowledged his sworn enemy, "Malfoy." The white haired boy sneered, "Potter. I do hope you don't plan to stand around." He made a wave to the stairs, "When we could be putting you to some use."

He nodded, and followed after the Slytherin boy, and together they raced to the seventh level, where Usagi was facing Voldemort all alone.

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He wasn't anything Usagi had ever expected. She had at least thought she would meet a man, not this. He was very tall, and very thin looking. Red eyes peered out at her from a pale snakelike face. Dressed in black robes, his head mostly covered in a hood, he raised his wand hand at her.

Usagi felt rooted to the spot, her wand useless within the pocket of her robes.

"So you have finally found me?" He was watching her closely. "Took me much longer than I had wanted." He nodded his head, as if he had thought about it.

Lifting his wand, he pointed it at the air above him. "I had tried to get it over with 14 years ago, but that infernal woman!"

Usagi snapped out of her shock, and narrowed her eyes at him, "That's my okaasan you're talking about! Don't you dare call her that!" She could feel her control coming back to her, anger seemed swarm her heart. Carefully she slipped her hand into her pocket, poised to run if he attacked.

She pulled her own wand out, and held it at her side. "Why did you kill her?"

Voldemort dropped his hand, and stared coolly at her. "She was in my way. Refused to let me do what I wanted, to I got rid of her." His eyes narrowed slightly, as he gazed at her longer.

Usagi shook her head, and stated coldly, "You killed her, because you were scared of her! She was stronger than you, so you got rid of her."

Voldemort smirked, his red eyes gloating with mirth, "It wasn't that she was stronger than me, girl. It was what she had that was more powerful than me. And she refused to give it to me."

Taken aback, Usagi stepped back, when he moved towards her. "she had?" He nodded, "yes, the same thing you wear around your neck."

Instinctively, Usagi reached up to the pouch beneath her robes. The brooch Luna had given her. The one that belonged to her mother. Narrowing her eyes, she snapped at him, "Well if you think I'm going to give it to you, you're wrong!"

There was a deep chuckle, "No I didn't think you would. Which is why I have come back." Pulling back the hood from his head, Usagi gasped, horror streaking across her face.

He was hideous, almost a reptilian skin, and a snake like tongue. She gagged, stepping away from him.

"It is time I got rid of the only thing that can defeat me." He smirked, his face twisting into something repulsive. "And you don't know how to use it!"

He raised his wand, and shouted, "Crucio!" Gasping, Usagi dove out of the way, narrowly missing one of the unforgivable curses.

She looked up sharply, and jumped out of the way, to dodge another attack. 'I don't know how to duel! And I can't work the brooch. What am I going to do?'

Raising her wand she shouted an incantation, "Stupefy!" She was grateful for all the sessions Draco had drug her through, had made her learn day in and day out.

"Protego!"

Usagi yelped, the string of red light bouncing off of the cloaked man, and back at her.

Voldemort chuckled, sending out another cruciatus curse. "You don't stand a chance girl. You have no way of defending yourself, no real power. Give up now, and I'll make it painless."

Usagi shook her head, and took off running, as he hurled another curse at her. Aiming her wand, she shouted, "Expelliarmus!" The table, which lay in the middle of the room flew up, and slammed into Voldemort knocking him back.

She stopped, her back to the wall, but she was across the room from the door. She needed to get out of here, and find help. There was no way she could fight him off on her own.

Holding her wand up, she inched towards the table, ready to shout another spell if need be. She was only a few feet away, when the table flew through the air, and Voldemort climbed to his feet shouting, "Impedimenta!"

Usagi screamed, her body thrown back, and she slammed into the wall behind her. Groaning, she looked up to find that he was coming after her. "Accio table!" The table, which lay on the other side of the room, came flying towards her. Throwing herself to the right, the table slammed into the dark wizard's back. He was smashed into the wall, she had hit just seconds before.

Scrambling to her feet, Usagi prayed she lived long enough to thank Draco for all his help. In his company, she had learned the only spells she knew, and so far they were keeping her alive.

Unlike before, Voldemort didn't wait; he threw off the table, seething. "I've had enough!" Raising his wand, he shouted, "Crucio!"

She threw herself to the floor, and rolled behind the table, which was lying on its side. Gasping, she hoped she could hold out long enough to find a way to escape.

Suddenly a purple like flame shot through the table at her right, burning a hole right through it. Usagi screamed, unable to contain herself. Another one shot through the table, and scrapped across her cheek. It sliced her skin, and she was thrown forward into the wall.

Sliding down, she landed in a heap on the floor. She laid there, to afraid to get up, but if she didn't move, she would die.

Usagi climbed to her feet, just as Voldemort shouted another curse. Eyes widening in arm, she screamed, "Protego!" The curse slammed into the shield she had created, and learned from the man attacking her. She slid back, her feet sliding across the stone, before the curse was flung back at its castor.

Voldemort avoided his own attack, a smirked playing on his face. "You're much better than I had gathered. But I am tired of you."

He held his wand up, the end pointing at her.

This was it; he was going to use the Killing Curse, the one that killed her Okaasan, the one that killed Harry's parents. She closed her eyes, knowing there was no way she could avoid the attack.

'Use the brooch Usagi, don't give up yet, use the crystal.'

Usagi opened her eyes. She could have sworn she heard Luna's voice. Use the crystal, but she didn't know how to use it. Pulling out the pouch from beneath her robes, she could feel the warmth even through the leather.

She opened the pouch, and poured the brooch out into her palm.

"Avada Kedavra."

The brooch fell into her open hand. A blinding light shot forth, filling the room. Usagi cried out, throwing up her arms to cover her eyes. The locket dropped from her hands.

"What is this?"

The light felt warm against her skin, safe and warm. She lowered her hands, blinking in confusion. The brooch was gone, but the light white remained.

In the middle of the room, the light glowed the brightest.

'Use the crystal, use it now!'

It was Luna's voice again, sounding more urgent now than ever. Usagi reached out to the glowing light, cupping it with her hands. Warmth spread throughout her body, filling her very being with it unearthly glow.

She blinked hard, and the light within the room faded, and she could see her otosan across the room.

"No, how can you know how to use it?"

She stared at him, her face set with determination. "I am Tsuki no Hime Serenity. For all that you have done, I cannot forgive you."

She raised the crystal out in front of her, and an imaginary gust of wind whipped at her black robes.

The door to the room swung open, but the two didn't even seem to notice.

"Lord Voldemort, it is has come. It is your turn to die!" A large gust of wind slammed into her, throwing back her hair, and her robes. She struggled against it, as she poured all of her energy into the crystal.

Voldemort snarled, "You're a fool! Avada Kedavra!"

Light shot out from the crystal, and the whole room lit up. Light lashed out, and an explosion rocked the floor, sending the two boys to their knees. There was a scream, which ricocheted off the walls.

"Usagi!!!"

As if it were being vacuumed, the light swirled around the room, being sucked back into the crystal. There was a thud; something hitting the floor, and the light vanished.

Harry and Draco raced into the room, just as the crystal, floating in the air began to shake. Beneath it, Usagi laid, unmoving.

Harry held Draco back, "Wait!"

From the crystal, black smoke billowed out, and a ghost of a man that once was, appeared. The blinking crystal suddenly shattered, the pieces raining down on the motionless body. "What a fool! She may have destroyed my body, but she has failed to destroy me!"

Voldemort then began to fade. "I will be back, remember that Harry Potter!"

Draco was already on his knees by the blonde's side, by the time Voldemort vanished. "Usagi!" He shook her, but she didn't move.

She laid there, her eyes staring blankly up at him. There was no life in her pale face; there was no warmth in her skin.

Harry dropped down beside him, and whispered, "He used the Killing curse." His fists clenched and unclenched at his side. "She's gone Malfoy. We can't bring her back."

Draco turned on him, "Shut up Potter! What do you know?" He turned back to Usagi's body, and began to shake her hard. "Wake up Usagi! Wake up now, or I'm going to go get Professor Snape!"

"You're too late Malfoy."

Harry looked up, startled to hear a third voice in the room. Draco also looked up, his face set into a scowl. "Who are you?"

The woman standing in the shadows bowed her head. "I am nothing but a failure." She stepped out into the light from the doorway, moving across the room. She was dressed in a strange uniform, consisting of knee length black boots, and a matching mini skirt.

"I sent her here, hoping that she would be of some help. But I fear I didn't think of the consequences." She kneeled down, clutching a staff in her right hand.

"His curse broke through the barrier of the crystal." She shook her head sadly, "with her gone, the crystal shattered, and couldn't destroy him completely."

She leaned forward, and scooped the blonde into her arms. Alarmed, Draco asked, "What are you doing?"

Garnet eyes looked up at him, "I'm her guardian. It was my duty to protect her. Now that I have failed, it is my duty to take her home."

Harry frowned, but stood up, when the woman did, "Where is home?"

The woman smiled softly, "Do not fret Harry Potter. I have not completely failed my hime. She may have died in this life, but she will be reborn."

"Reborn?"

Nodding, she turned from them, carrying Usagi's in her arms. "This life, was not suppose to happen. But I had hoped she would have been of some help to you Harry Potter. You struggle in a battle gainst Voldemort constantly." She gazed down at the golden haired girl. "At least she was able to weaken him."

Draco looked from the woman to Harry then back again. "She doesn't belong here, then?"

She shook her head once more. "No. She doesn't belong to this world for another few months now."

Harry stepped forward, "When will she ?"

The woman turned to look at them from over her shoulder. "You three will meet again I believe. Maybe not in this next lifetime, or the one after that, but you will. Destiny cannot keep two that belong together, apart for too long."

Suddenly a purple void appeared before her. She stopped in front of it, and turned once more to look at the two boys. She gazed at them sadly, and she muttered one simple spell, "Obliviate." She then turned, and stepped into the portal, which closed behind her.

Draco blinked, and stared at the room in front of him. Turning, he spotted the last person he wanted to see. "Potter!"

Harry, who felt as if he had just woken up, whirled around at the sound of his name. Why on earth was he in a room alone with Draco Malfoy? Pulling away, he stepped back uneasily. His hand gripping his wand, he faintly wondered if he and Draco had caused the mess around them in a duel.

Draco climbed to his feet, and dusted off his robes. "Get out of here Potter!" The dark haired boy didn't hesitate, but hurried out of the room.

Turning, the white haired boy examined the room. What happened? He didn't remember how he got here, or why the room was such a mess.

Something sparkling caught his eye. Looking down, he noticed a tiny fragment glistening in the light. Swooping down, he picked the piece of crystal up and examined it. "Odd."

It felt warm in his hand, and there was a soft light flickering from within. Closing his hand around it, he turned to leave the room. As he left, he missed the remaining fragments of the crystal form together into a large stone.

When he shut the door, the crystal flashed, blinking out of sight.

The

End

~~~~~  
~~~~~ Okay well there you go, that's the end, hoped you liked it. Please be somewhat nice. That is my first time at magic battle like that. I know it was a short chapter, and very quick to the end, but I tried. Really I did. Still learning how to write battles.

So any of you expect that to happen??? If you did, I don't blame ya, I wasn't real good at hiding the obvious in this story. Oh well.

If you're wondering, Pluto used a memory spell, and erased everyone's memory of Usagi. So it's like she never existed, except for the chunk of crystal Draco took.

Well if you liked this story, I'm sure you'll like my other one Bunny Moon and the Philosopher Stone. I like it, and I think it has great potential.

Um, tell me what you thought of the story, more reviews the better. See ya in my next story. LP signing out.

PS. Love you too Blood Rose!!!!!! Haha when I saw that, hehe. Anyway, what is a spork?

....Uh..... ..are..... ..you..... ..still..... ..here..... ???..... ??
... .bye!..

Dear readers,

After taking it all into a LONG consideration, and thinking over all the wonderful reviews I have received. I have decided to do a sequel. I hope this will encourage more reviews, (hint hint, nudge nudge). Anyway, I think it might have potential, once I get around to writing it. Oh I do hope you guys will like it. I'll give you a little brief; to give you an idea I'm going to work at.

Hmm where to begin. Well I'm still not too sure on the dates. How old to make the guys and all. Well what I mean, is how old should they be. It will have to be several years later and all, maybe have them out of Hogwarts. That would be a little different huh? Or maybe have them in their last year of Hogwarts. What do you think??? Tell me what would be better, which ever I really don't care. Anyone will be fine, I think.

As for Usagi, yes she will be all grown up, about 16 years old. Either during one of the original series, or after the Stars. Not sure yet either. Told ya I wasn't clear on the dates. Usagi will be Sailor Moon. So after the whole fiasco with Voldemort, she was born, much sooner than everyone thought, grew up fast, and all. Goes through meeting Luna, meeting the senshi. Finding Mamoru. Yes to all of our dislike, they will be together, but only for a short time.

Before all of you leave, disgusted with me, I just have to say, that remember Usagi was in love with Draco in the prequel. So things will change gradually. She has to remeet them, and everything. Also remember that Draco has a piece of the crystal, so that connects them.

Oy one major bummer, when I wrote that last episode, I never thought of writing a sequel. And well I obliterated the guy's memory. I am such a moron, so I will have to work around that roadblock. I might give them their memories back right away. I donno, it would be much better to see the guys fight over Usagi, and trying to win her from Mamoru huh??? That's what I had in mind. Hmmm I'll think on it.

Well tell me, which are your votes.

After Hogwarts:

Last year in Hogwarts:

After Stars:

During S or SS series:

Well I look forward to your reviews LP signing out